THE LIVING AGE

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AROUND THE WORLD

Political England

CONSERVATIVES and Laborites both took heart at the results of the Northampton by-election, in which the Labor candidate, Colonel Malone, was chosen to fill a seat formerly occupied by a Tory. The cause for the Labor jubilation is obvious enough, but the Conservatives point out that their two candidates, one of whom labeled himself an 'Independent Conservative,' polled more votes than the winner, whom the *Morning Post* describes in this delightfully characteristic passage: 'Colonel L'Estrange Malone, who has won the election by a minority vote, is a strange political wild fowl. He appears to have fought well for his country in the war; was afterward a Coalition Liberal member, and occupied himself in propaganda work against the Socialists; visited Russia in 1919; acted with the Socialists until 1920; became member of the Communist Executive when that party was founded in England in July of that year; was active on behalf of the Communists in China; and after renouncing the Communist Party was adopted as Socialist candidate by the Labor Party. It is this enthusiast for subversive causes, whose political convictions change from white to fiery red like the wattles of a turkey cock, that is now to represent — against the will of the majority — the decent, quiet, and respectable English electorate of Northampton.' Although the Liberals expected great things of their man, he received only about one quarter of the total votes cast.

Close elections are usually succeeded by a period of intensive crystal-gazing, and the consensus of expert British opinion seems to be that the present Government is firmly entrenched. Stanley Baldwin himself confessed as much by closing a recent speech with this dramatic remark: 'If I live, I will pledge to fight at the next election, and I believe I shall win.' His staunch supporter, the *Saturday Review*, adds: 'We believe he will. The omens are good, and they point the emphatic moral that the Government should go to the country sooner rather than later. At the present time they have lost little or no prestige; in the nature of things they can hardly gain more, and may each day lose more. If

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Mr. Churchill can produce a palatable Budget, next autumn should prove the moment for a general election.'

The same paper finds no difficulty whatever in accounting for the failure of the Liberals, especially in the 'average industrial constituency,' where, it says, 'the fight is mainly one between Socialism and anti-Socialism. The non-Conservative artisan elector will vote almost solidly for Labor. Why should he vote for a Liberal, who offers him only what amounts to Advanced Toryism and whose creed is fundamentally as much opposed to Socialism as the Conservative's is? Or even were he to consider the Liberal likely to support Labor as an alternative government, why should he not vote to get his own party man in, rather than to get in a man who would give his own party at best a qualified and uncertain support? These, briefly, are the reasons why Liberals cannot rationally hope for much success in industrial constituencies at present.'

It is interesting to recall that since Baldwin returned to power the Conservatives have won nineteen by-elections, the Laborites twelve, and the Liberals four, out of a total of thirty-five contests. In this process the Government has lost seven seats. The *Nation and Athenæum* reports that rumors of an impending general election are again current, since the party in power feels it is in an excellent position to make an appeal to the country. Labor, on the other hand, is despondent. Several more by-elections are coming along soon, and their results may well determine the attitude of Baldwin's followers on this point.

The *Nation and Athenæum* is also disturbed because a Northampton gambler published the betting odds on the various candidates from day to day, and remarks: 'The bookmaker publishes his odds. What is there to prevent the possibility of several hundreds or even thousands of people, perhaps employed in the same factory, agreeing together to bet and afterward to vote in a certain way? And if so, is that politics or is it gambling? In a closely contested election it is not fanciful to suppose that mass betting might prove to be an influence as degrading to politics as greyhound racing has proved to be to sport.'

British papers are waking up to the real naval issue between their country and our own, which they have hitherto been inclined to blink. The *Nation and Athenæum*, in an article upon 'the question of sea law,' declares: 'At the root of Anglo-American differences there lies the question of sea law in time of war. At present there are wide differences of opinion as to the rights of a belligerent to interfere with neutral commerce.' It recognizes that an agreement between the countries 'must mean, of course, in a large degree, the abandonment of British contentions. The interpretation of sea law which we favor is one which puts the rights of belligerents as high as possible. In objecting to this interpretation, the United States has the rest of the world on her side. Unless, therefore, we are ready to waive many of our traditional claims, it would be useless, and worse than useless, to open up the question. . . . We are no longer living in the nineteenth century. We, like other nations, must take account of the opinion of the world.' The *Spectator*, also, informs its readers that our traditional naval doctrine is 'that no Power has a right to interfere with neutral commerce,' and, like its contemporary, concludes from this that unless this is clearly recognized 'it is useless to attempt agreements in detail about naval limitation.' On the other hand, the Labor *New Leader* synchronizes what

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it characterizes as a victory of the Big Navy men in America with the embarrassment of our steel industry. It quotes Barron's *National Financial Weekly* to show that our furnaces and rolling mills are in the grip of a serious depression. Ergo, the country's bosses have decided to build a big fleet to boost the steel trade. Even pacific Henry Ford is accused of 'howling his head off in the Chicago Sunday press for airplanes to defend the United States from the greed and envy of Europe. . . . Now U. S. Steel, Harriman, and Bethlehem have taken up the same cry.'

Matters Imperial

In November, Lord Irwin, Viceroy of India, announced to the native politicians — and to the world at large — that a Royal Commission had been appointed to investigate the question of constitutional reform. On January 20, Sir John Simon, head of this Commission, sailed from Marseille to take up his duties. According to the *New Statesman*, 'the present situation is palpably worse than that created in 1921 by the spread of the Gandhi crusade, and worse than that produced by the electoral victory of the Swarajists in 1923.' Apparently even those native minorities that have hitherto supported the British Government resent the fact that none of their members has been invited to serve on the Commission, and therefore have gone over to the extremists. The Delhi correspondent of the London *Times* does not envy Sir John his task. According to this person, the Indian leaders feel they were not sufficiently warned in advance, and therefore do not choose to coöperate. Although demands for reform have been incessantly raised, the native leaders wish to draw up their programme without British assistance. They recall, moreover, that Egypt, by boycotting the Milner Commission, and Burma, by boycotting Sir Frederick Whyte's Reform Committee, both received more autonomy than they could ever have obtained from coöperation. All this, the *Times* correspondent feels, is going to make Sir John Simon's visit to the Indian Empire a very ticklish experience.

Britain has found herself in the embarrassing position of having to lend airplane aid to Irak troops in a punitive expedition against the northern Wahabis, the subjects of Ibn Saud, former ally and present friend of England. The British assert that the Wahabis have been carrying on violent raids in Irak, sparing neither women nor children, and that the newly created state had to be protected. A local correspondent of the *Times* intimates that the leader of the raids has the unofficial support and sympathy of Ibn Saud, who knows the weakness of Irak, but cannot yet hope to march on Bagdad, much as he wants to. Other commentators, secure in London editorial offices, either ignore or ridicule these suggestions.

France

Hector C. Bywater, one of the foremost British authorities on naval affairs, describes the renaissance of French sea power that has taken place in the course of the last seven years. In January 1920 M. Leygues, a former Premier, and now Minister of Marine, introduced a long-time building contract calling for the construction of one hundred and twenty vessels totaling three hundred thousand tons, and classified as follows: nine cruisers, twenty-one flotilla leaders, thirty-six destroyers, fifty-five submarines, two aircraft carriers, and five auxiliary ships. These boats are all to be completed by 1932, and the work has gone steadily forward. In 1927 twenty-five vessels, including submarines, were launched, the latter

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being for the most part ocean-going craft with a wide radius of action. Since the French naval authorities do not believe in large vessels, they have not come up to the quota allowed them at Washington, and are even splitting the tonnage allowed for capital ships among a number of smaller vessels. Within a few years, Mr. Bywater says, French sea power will have regained most if not all of its importance in international affairs.

Poincaré, according to the *Manchester Guardian*, has taken a leaf out of the English Tories' book and has begun building up a 'Red Peril' for use in the April elections. Two Communist deputies, Cachin and Vaillant Couturier, editor of *Humanité*, were arrested recently, amid the cheers of their supporters, and this kind of thing will presumably continue, to the intense delight of the Communists themselves. Indeed, Poincaré took such a course in a subsequent debate that even his National Union seemed threatened for a moment, and poor Herriot was reduced to a frenzy trying to persuade his Radical colleagues against breaking away on such an unimportant issue. His position is now described as 'pitiable,' and his resignation may occur at any moment.

Franco-German coöperation has taken a new and surprising turn in the form of a series of Reparations frauds engineered by French and German business men in collaboration. The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* describes an elaborate deal in horses whereby the French Government was beaten out of over one hundred thousand dollars. The total amount of money involved in all the frauds is estimated at about six hundred thousand dollars.

The *Écho de Paris* has been publishing some alarming statistics revealing the progress of Communism in Belgium. It appears that the Belgian Communist Party, which was founded seven years ago with a membership of only five hundred, now boasts seventy thousand members. Under these circumstances it is hardly surprising, therefore, that a Fascist movement should have come into existence under the leadership of M. Pierre Nothomb, whose organ, *L'Action Nationale*, is devoted to anti-Communist propaganda. Since the increase in Communist strength seems to be a direct result of financial stabilization, it may well give pause to M. Poincaré, although the possibility of a revolution is hardly immediate.

Alsace-Lorraine

We quote the following from the London *Saturday Review*, which by no stretch of the imagination can be classed with Britain's pro-German press. 'Since the suppression by the French authorities of the autonomist papers in Alsace matters have been going from bad to worse. Now the houses of between sixty and seventy prominent persons in Alsace and Lorraine have been searched by the police for evidence that the autonomist movement is supported by German money. We shall be astonished if such evidence is not forthcoming. The Germans would be more than human if they did not seek to make capital out of the very real causes of discontent. But action against those Alsatians who are turning back to Germany will not lead to peace. Had France realized immediately after the war that Alsace was accustomed to a higher level of material civilization than the other French provinces there would now be virtually no autonomist movement at all, for the Alsatian had no great affection for Prussian methods of government. It is one of the tragedies of Western Europe that the refusal in Paris to make good an initial mistake

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should be driving back to Germany two provinces which so steadfastly held out for fifty years against German "Kultur."'

Germany

The resignation of Herr Gessler, German Minister of National Defense for the past seven years, is due to his connection with the so-called Phœbus film scandal, which showed that government funds were being illegally appropriated from the War Ministry to support a failing movie concern that made reactionary and militaristic pictures. Gessler might have faced the music, for there is no very obvious connection between himself and the guilty parties, but it would have been an embarrassing position at best. He enjoys the warm esteem of President Hindenburg, who is said to have tried to dissuade him from leaving his post.

Speaking of the Polish-Lithuanian problem, Pertinax remarks in *Écho de Paris* that 'the Lithuanian problem arises or subsides in response to the fancies of Moscow and Berlin, and merely reflects the relations between these two capitals and Warsaw. An enterprising, audacious Lithuania is a Lithuania encouraged by the Wilhelmstrasse and the Kremlin.' These lines were written apropos of a speech made by Zaleski, the Polish Foreign Minister, who was attempting to show how kindly Poland felt toward her neighbors. Stresemann's paper, the *Tägliche Rundschau*, announced in reply that Germany cherished no designs on the existence of the Polish State, and prophesied that the two nations would be able to work together harmoniously. There is little doubt that Geneva has helped to bring them together, if only for the moment.

Finland's Social Democratic Cabinet, representing a minority party kept in power by the precarious support of Swedish Nationalists and Communists, resigned last December after holding office for about a year. It failed to secure the support of the Chamber for its Budget, which aimed to cut down military expenditure, to increase appropriations for social services, and to substitute direct taxes for a part of the indirect taxes that now yield three quarters of the country's revenue. It has been succeeded by a ministry representing the Small Farmers' Party.

Watchful observers of Russia's recent political evolution lay stress upon Stalin's tacit admission, in his sarcastic speech excommunicating the Opposition at the last Communist Party Congress, that the Government has changed its course. His words were: 'When we review the history of our Party, we recognize at once that whenever we have turned a sharp corner some of the old leaders have fallen off the band wagon. Turning corners is dangerous unless you hang on tight. Some folks are unable to keep their balance. The band wagon skids a little, and they pitch out head over heels.'

Central Europe

Austria continues to be disturbed over the transport of munitions across her territory from Italy to Hungary, the question now having assumed the proportions of a debate as to whether foreign Powers have the right to violate Austrian territory as a No Man's Land in time of war. The *Grazer Tagespost*, the chief newspaper in the endangered territory, clearly states: 'The development of the Balkan incident indicates a great danger to neutrality and political integrity. In the event of an Italian-Yugoslav war Austria would play the same rôle as Belgium at the beginning of the World War, except that we are less able to defend ourselves.'

To judge, however, from the report of a recent visitor to Vienna, the Austrian scene is not entirely devoid of military elements. The Socialists have

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an army of the strength of at least two divisions, known as the *Republikanische Schutzbund*, a well-drilled and disciplined body of men that could probably lay its hands on a considerable quantity of arms. The Clerical and Pan-German parties have their organizations, too — the 'Front Fighters' and the anti-Semitic *Hackenkreuzler* youths. That these troops should be used against foreign Powers is so completely out of the question that League officials have winked at their activities, which in some cases violate treaty provisions. The *Westminster Gazette's* correspondent inquires what a clash between the Socialists and Nationalists might mean, and offers the following lurid suggestions: 'It might mean the cutting off of Vienna by an army of peasants, who would starve out the city. Inside Vienna it might mean an outbreak of disorder in comparison with which "15 July" would be child's play. It might mean the invasion and seizure of the Burgenland by the Hungarian Irredentists, who have never reconciled themselves to its restoration to Austria. It might mean the seizure of Carinthia by the Yugoslavs, in self-defense against Hungary. It might mean that Italy, who has already secured South Tyrol, might seize North Tyrol as well, and that Germany would rush into Austria in self-defense and carry through the *Anschluss*, or union of the two countries.'

With the stage set for more friendly relations between Serbia and Bulgaria, the Macedonian outrages forced an abandonment, or at least a temporary suspension, of all friendly plans. The murder of the Serbian General Kowachevich was followed by the slaughter of the father and brother of one of the three leaders of the International Macedonian Revolutionary Organization. The Bulgarian Foreign Office immediately asked for damages, and the press added to the general disturbance. The hand of Briand made itself felt in a letter to the League of Nations asserting that Bulgaria is not observing the military provisions of the Neuilly Treaty, particularly in respect to compulsory service, and suggesting a League investigation.

The Foreign Minister of Greece, M. Michalacopoulos, recently returned to Athens after a visit at Rome which excited great curiosity in the international press and was said to presage an Italo-Greek entente in the Eastern Mediterranean. Soberer conjecture has it, however, that the visit was designed simply to clarify the political situation in the Balkans and to promote a better understanding between the Balkan nations as a group and their neighbors, along lines which the Greek Minister had previously sketched at Geneva. Indeed, Greece is hardly likely to embark on a policy of military or quasi-military alliances, right after getting a loan of forty-five million dollars under the auspices of the League. She had previously come to terms with her war creditors, — England, France, and the United States, — which made new advances possible. To be sure, the amount of her indebtedness to France, whose Government has demanded eighty million dollars gold for its assistance at Saloniki during the last two years of the war, is still subject to arbitration. Incidentally, Greece has been able to borrow twelve and one-half million dollars in New York for taking care of her refugees, at the remarkably low rate of 4 per cent. Her last preceding refugee loan bore 7 per cent, and was floated at 88 per cent of par.

Spain

General Primo de Rivera performed a popular act when he appointed Ramiro de Maeztu, a distinguished Spanish writer and journalist, Ambassador at Buenos Aires. The

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new Ambassador knows the United States better than most of his distinguished countrymen, and has proved a discriminating and a not unfriendly critic of our country. Consequently the appointment should be welcome at Washington. As a result of the mountainous labors of the Spanish National Assembly during its first three months of existence, the Government has agreed to accept two of its recommendations — to simplify the examinations for the Bachelor's degree in the university, and to extend to first cousins the right to inherit in cases of intestacy. After holding six public sessions the Assembly adjourned, on November 28, for a two months' recess. Nevertheless, its 'sections,' or, as we should call them, committees, continue to hold meetings. There are eighteen of these sub-bodies, and they are said to have occupied themselves with twelve important administrative reforms submitted by the Government to be prepared for consideration at the next plenary meetings. The Assembly can do no more, however, than advise the Directory what action to take upon the proposals laid before it; it has no authority to enact them into law.

Professor Coletti, writing in *Corriere della Sera*, reports a drop of seven per cent in the Italian birth rate since 1925, and urges a return to the land, a campaign against Malthusian propaganda, and increased vigilance over infant and child welfare. This programme is in strict conformity with the Duce's desire, but the unorthodox professor believes that little can be gained by direct attempts to influence the birth rate. The *Observer* reports that the podesta of a large city in Northern Italy was received coldly at the Palazzo Chigi because of the low birth rate in his district. 'What have *you* been doing about it?' asked Mussolini, glowering at the abashed official, whose answer is not recorded.

STABILIZING THE LIRA

MUSSOLINI. 'Can't you spare a copper for the savior of Italy?'
— *La Liberté*, Paris

UNCLE SAM AND BRIAND

MISUNDERSTOOD!
— *L'Écho de Paris*

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BUSINESS ABROAD

Money

WHAT with both the Bank of France and the National Bank of Sweden reducing their discount rates, the one from 5 to 4 per cent and the other from 4 to 3½, the rumor persists that the Bank of England will do likewise, although responsible opinion does not support this view. The *Statist* remarks: 'Expectations of a lower Bank rate are distinctly premature. They are based on the unexpectedly good response to the Government's Treasury Bond offer, on the infection of optimism in the gilt-edge market, on the acquisition by the Bank of £448,000 of the gold available this week in the open market, and, finally, on the knowledge that a large proportion of the Treasury bills was secured by special quarters. None of these grounds is sufficiently substantial to warrant any hope of a lower official rate in the immediate future. There are, on the other hand, far more important reasons for adopting an attitude of caution. The first of these is the setback suffered by sterling exchange. The rate on New York has fallen well below 4.88, and this movement precludes the possibility of further shipments of U. S. A. gold to London in the immediate future.'

In the course of the last year, however, money became distinctly easier all around. The German discount rate fluctuated, to be sure, but the French fell steadily in response to the growing confidence in M. Poincaré. Indeed, the return of France to a gold standard has now become more a matter of politics than of economics. Italy stabilized the lira in December at a figure that automatically enabled the State to extinguish its debt to the National Bank, and the chances that Paris will be able to imitate, though not duplicate, the feat are excellent. The *Economist* describes the Italian stabilization as follows: 'The new rate of 92.466 to the pound, at which legal stabilization has been carried out, was finally adopted because it is exactly the rate which would enable the whole of the debt owing by the Treasury to the Bank of Italy to be wiped out practically to the last centesimo. Had the lira been stabilized at 90, the State would still have been a debtor to the Bank, while at 100 it would have been — technically speaking — a creditor. All that has been necessary, with a new gold lira at 92.466, has been to revalue on this basis the cash and securities at the Bank and to credit the Treasury with the increase in value arising from the difference between the old and the new parties.'

France could not wipe out the State debt to the Bank by stabilizing at the present rate of 126 to the pound, but she could go a long way toward completing rehabilitation, as the same article goes on to show: —

'According to the Bank statement of December 22, the debt owing by the Treasury to the Bank amounted in round figures to 24,500 million francs. If to this be added the amount of Treasury bonds that have been discounted for the purpose of furnishing advances to foreign governments (5880 million francs), and the standing "permanent advances" item of 200 million francs, the total owing to the Bank by the State amounts to 30,500 million francs.

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'Against this, for revaluation on the basis of the pound sterling at, say, 126, the Bank holds gold and other available assets amounting to 4343 million francs, which, if a coefficient of 5 be applied, would assume a fresh value of 21,715 million new francs. After deducting the original 4343 million, these would leave an available surplus of 17,372 million francs, with which to cancel an equivalent amount of the debt of 30,500 million due to the Bank. By stabilizing at 126, therefore, the Treasury would automatically be relieved of appreciably more than half of its liability, although still left with a burden of over 13,000 million francs to carry.'

The author of the above passages uses figures specially furnished by a former French Minister of Finance, M. François-Marsal. This authority asserts that the remaining thirteen billion francs can be paid off by 'perpetual' loans and by the cession of certain State monopolies. The latter measure, however, would hardly gain the support of the Chamber of Deputies as at present constituted.

One of the financial developments to be looked for in the coming year is the revival of Paris as a money centre. The reduction of the bank rate from 7½ per cent in July 1926 to 4 per cent eighteen months later, and the purchase of gold from the United States with sterling resources in London, indicate where the ambitions of the French bankers lie. The *Statist* feels that until France has come to a final adjustment of these matters and has stabilized her own currency the Bank of England bank rate cannot be lowered, although the French has reached its lowest point since July 1914.

England

The five biggest English banks show a record turnover of funds during the past year, but profits have shrunk slightly. The Bankers Clearing House reports that 41,551 million pounds sterling were handled during the year — rather less than two thirds as much as was handled by the New York Clearing House in the same period. Lombard Street congratulates itself, however, upon having beaten its record week of October 5, 1927, in the week ending January 4 of this year, and looks for further improvement as 1928 continues.

Such optimism is based on firm foundations. Winston Churchill has every reason to believe that for the first time since he has occupied the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer his Budget will not show a deficit. The national fiscal year closes on March 31, and, although the deficit at the end of nine months is 150 million pounds sterling as against 146 million pounds sterling at the same time last year, the future looks hopeful. This is the way the *Economist* explains matters:—

'The year 1926–27 closed with a deficit of nearly 37 million pounds, so that if a balance is to be realized at March 31 next the Chancellor has leeway to make up to the extent of 41 millions. He should, however, have little difficulty in doing this. In the first place, Mr. Churchill estimated that in the current Budget new sources of revenue would produce 38 million pounds, of which 20 millions — 15 millions from the collection of Property Tax in one installment and 5 millions from further reduction of brewers' credit — would not be collected until the fourth quarter. In the second place, Sinking Fund payments already exceed those of last year by 24 millions. These two considerations should put the accounts about square at the end of the year.'

Behind these financial manifestations lie economic causes, and the real prosperity of Great Britain and the preponderant position it still holds in the

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manufacturing world are clearly revealed by this succinct table from the *Economist:* —

EXPORTS OF MANUFACTURES

	1913		1925	
	Million Pounds Sterling	Per cent of Total	Million Pounds Sterling	Per cent of Total
United Kingdom	398.2	37.8	589.3	38.4
United States of America	159.2	15.1	356.6	23.2
Germany	330.6	31.3	326.6	21.3
France	167.3	15.8	262.7	17.1
Total for four countries	1055.3	100.0	1535.2	100.0

To turn to specific industries, we find that British production of both pig iron and steel is higher for 1927 than it has been for any other year since the war, and in steel the figure is even larger than it was in 1913. For the same period Germany shows extraordinary recent growth that almost brings her up to her pre-war level, while the United States, though well ahead of its 1913 production, has fallen off slightly in recent years. The British distillery trade, however, shows less cheering figures, which *Ridley's Wine and Spirit Trade Circular* accounts for as follows: 'It would appear from the annual report of the Commissioners that the chief deficiencies in revenue come from spirits, £4,647,000, and beer, £4,104,000, arising from overtaxation and the general depression in nearly all industries in this country. A comparison of the pre-war figures with those of 1926 will clearly show the havoc wrought in the spirit consumption by the imposition of the present duty on whiskey and other homemade spirits. Whereas in 1913, 26,164,352 proof gallons were consumed, representing .57 of a gallon per head of the population, in 1926 only 11,303,295 proof gallons were consumed, representing .25 of a proof gallon per head.'

The cotton industry is another sore spot in England's economic life, and the operators' proposal of a 12½-per-cent wage cut and an increase in hours from 48 to 52¼ per week has led the *Manchester Guardian* to comment in a leading editorial that most spinners of American cotton are only able to keep employed for thirty hours a week at present, and that permission to extend the period allowed by law would therefore be futile. Nor could the proposed wage reduction go far toward mitigating the present situation, for it has recently been calculated that a 25-per-cent reduction would reduce the total cost of manufacture not more than 3 per cent. The only hope this paper offers is a government commission of inquiry, but in the light of what happened to the Sankey Report on the coal industry the suggestion hardly sounds encouraging. The *Westminster Gazette*, another Liberal paper that is by no means wedded to the cause of the employers, shows that the claims set forth in the report are based on the fact that the industry enjoyed greater efficiency when it worked on a basis closely similar to the one proposed. However, as the Lancashire operators were launching their report, statistics were inopportunely published showing that the average weekly wage in the cotton industry is 36*s.* 10*d.*, — approximately $9, — which is less than the average pay for all kinds of textile workers in the United Kingdom. The spinners, however, would point to the fact that on an aggregate paid-up capital of 350 million dollars they earned average profits of only 1.8 per cent.

King Coal, the eternal sick man of Britain, shows signs of improved health. The Honorable Charles Stewart, Canadian Minister of Mines, assured the Ottawa correspondent of the *Sunday Times* that in 1927 at least 13 million dollars' worth of coal was bought from England that used to be purchased from the United States, and

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there is every indication that the demand will increase.

An interesting trade war, indicative of the way new business devices upset old social theories, is predicted in Great Britain with the announcement of an amalgamation of a number of companies which control chains of food shops all over the country. This new 'food trust' plans to force prices down and not up. A lively tussle with Coöperative Wholesalers and its affiliated societies throughout Great Britain is predicted. Already many of the smaller Coöperatives have united in order to place themselves in a stronger competitive position.

An illustration of the contradictions characteristic of great industries was the recent celebration at Bilsthorpe in the new Nottinghamshire coal field of the discovery of a new and remarkably profitable seam which is expected to pour another million tons a year into an already overflowing market. To celebrate the event the Union Jack was flown above the pit-head. While new mines are thus coming into production every few weeks to disfigure the green glades of Robin Hood's country, and wages are high and employment is abundant there, the acute distress we have previously described still reigns in the other colliery districts of the country.

French exports to England rose steadily during 1927. During the first eleven months of the year France imported 1114 million pounds as against 1129 million during the same period in 1926, whereas the exports rose from 716 million in 1926 to 763 million in 1927.

Germany

The question of whether Germany has an economic surplus lies at the root of the whole Reparations problem. A year ago Dr. Erich Welter of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* estimated that 15 per cent of the national income of 50 billion marks per annum went into savings and capital investments. The same journal, and probably the same authority, now asserts that the proportion of savings was the same in 1927, but that, since the total national income has risen to 60 billion marks, the total savings now amount to 9 billion. The Reichs Kredit Gesellschaft, a governmental bank, deals with the same question, estimating that Germany in 1927 invested 12 billion marks in industries, housing, and so forth, and that of this sum 7600 million came from national savings, while 4400 million came from abroad. Before the war annual savings were estimated at $8\frac{1}{2}$ billion marks — approximately 12 billion at the present scale of prices. 'It is noteworthy,' says the *Economist*, 'that Germany during the three Reparations years (the Reparations years do not coincide with the calendar years) saved over 20 billion marks after paying for Reparations nearly 4 billion marks. Even if a big allowance is made for error, it appears that Germany from the first could have paid Reparations out of her own economic surplus, and that she would actually have done so — under compulsion of the tax-collection mechanism — had there been no foreign loans. Further, it follows that she would not have felt any pinch in the standard of living, but only in the speed of her expansion.'

In reviewing the foreign trade of Germany for 1927, *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* reports that, although there were several adverse factors, the situation as a whole had improved. The Franco-German Commercial Treaty of August 17 was said to be working for the good of both countries, and during the following two months Germany exported goods to the value of 38 million dollars to France, while her total imports from that country were 45 million dollars. German business men

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hope that the problem of trade in the Saar will be settled at the conferences which opened in Paris early in January. Germany notes a favorable balance in her trade with Great Britain during the first nine months of 1927, the latter country having imported 205 million dollars' worth of German goods, whereas her exports to Germany totaled but 163 million dollars. These statistics do not, however, take into account German goods which may have been reexported from England. Comparisons with the previous year, moreover, are misleading, because of the coal strike.

Germany's trade with Russia did not measure up to expectations, her total exports to that country having decreased, due partly to the monopoly which the Soviet Government maintains over all foreign commerce. Italy, too, proved a poor market for German goods. Immediately after the trade agreement of October 31, 1925, business with the Fascist State became as active as before the war, but the growing economic crisis and the revalorization of the lira toward the end of 1926 reduced German exports in 1927 to one third of what they had been the previous year. Italian imports to Germany, however, continued to increase. Although stabilization of the lira has heartened some German traders, there is strong propaganda in Italy against foreign goods.

Germany suffers from a very unfavorable balance of trade with the Latin-American republics. The situation in Argentina was changed very little from what it was in 1926, when that country sent 145 million dollars' worth of goods to Germany and imported but 65 million dollars' worth. Germany buys great quantities of hides, wool, wheat, linseed, and meat from the South American republic, and she is now making an effort to bring about a revision of Argentina's commercial policy to favor German goods. Exports of German manufactured goods to Brazil, however, showed a decrease, for only 24 million dollars' worth were sold for the first three quarters of 1927, as compared with 41 million for the entire previous year. Partly because of the tariff order of January 29, 1927, which prohibited German dumping of iron and steel in our country, Germany's balance of trade with the United States during the first nine months of 1927 was decidedly adverse. Her imports from the States totaled 333 million dollars, of which 211 million were raw materials or half-manufactured goods. Her total exports to America amounted to only 132 million dollars.

Last year found many German companies more liberal in their dividends than they had been in 1926. Notable improvement was exhibited in the merchant marine, for, of the firms that passed their dividends the preceding year, Hapag, Hansa, and North German Lloyd paid 6 per cent, Neptun 60 per cent, and Vereinigte Elbe 5 per cent. Hamburg-Sud maintained an 8-per-cent rate. Some betterment was shown in the mining and smelting corporations. Prominent electric light and power corporations paid on an average about 10 per cent, their stocks selling at slightly over 200, while in the electrical industries A. E. G. increased its dividends from 6 to 7 per cent and Siemans and Halske from 6 to 10 per cent. I. G. Farbenindustrie, the great chemical trust whose capitalization now exceeds one billion marks, maintained a 10-per-cent dividend, which, according to a statement by the company, will probably be increased to 12 per cent this year.

After having enjoyed an increase of 7 per cent in traffic and 4 per cent in revenues during the past year, German railroads, according to *Der Deutsche Volkswirt*, will suffer in 1928 from lack of capital. Retrenchment may, how-

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ever, be accomplished by the raising of funds within Germany herself — a plan which would meet with the approval of Parker Gilbert. During 1927 steady progress in technical improvement was noted, so that now 93 per cent of the cars are equipped with Kunz-Knorr brakes and 2.3 per cent of the entire mileage has been electrified.

The *Economist* estimates Germany's foreign indebtedness at about one and three-quarters billion dollars, the greater part on long-term loans bearing over 8-per-cent interest. Her total annual burden on balance of payments is approximately 140 million dollars a year, 'a sum which does not seem large when compared with the full Reparations annuity' of more than 600 million dollars annually. Germany has borrowed abroad nearly twice as much as she has paid on Reparations' account during the three years the Dawes Plan has been in operation. 'She has therefore in ultimate analysis carried through an almost unprecedented process of industrial reorganization and reconstruction with the aid of some 3300 million marks of foreign capital.' To this should be added fully three times that amount of domestic capital poured into her industries by home investors.

Russia

The Supreme Economic Council of Russia has just published a 740-page report entitled *Materials for a Five-Year Plan for the Development of the Industries of the Soviet Union.* The period covered is from 1927 to 1932. The Government proposes to increase the country's manufacturing output from public, private, and coöperative establishments by about 73 per cent, bringing it up to something over 10 billion dollars. Simultaneously it is proposed to increase agricultural production by 23 per cent, or to nearly 9 billion dollars. The amount of electric power generated is to be increased from 3.9 million k.w.h. at present to 10.3 million k.w.h., at a cost of three quarters of a billion dollars. It is proposed to raise most of the capital required for this programme from the surplus of national industries and the sale of natural products like petroleum. Plans have been drawn for 780 new factories and electric-power stations. Plans for increasing farm output include an extension of centralized agriculture to the villages so as to encourage the use of tractors and modern farm machinery for cultivation and to facilitate the introduction of better breeds of live stock and better plant varieties. Recent dispatches from Russia indicate economic difficulties caused by grain shortage and the high taxes being imposed upon the villages. In some instances taxes of 35 per cent have been levied upon the farmers. The Moscow correspondent of the reactionary *Kölnische Zeitung* sees further trouble in the inability of agricultural implement factories to exchange their wares in the Ukraine and North Caucasus.

Middle Europe

The 70-million-dollar American loan to Poland last October, which allowed Pilsudski to stabilize his currency through the reorganization of the Polski Bank, was perhaps the chief economic event in Poland last year. This loan allowed the Bank to raise its capital stock to 150 million zlotys and at the same time to wipe out its 450-million-zloty inflation. Government finances have improved, and the New Year sees the sick man of Central Europe with 195 million more zlotys in reserve than he had at the same time the previous year.

On the whole, industry and commerce in Poland enjoyed good earnings in 1927. The tariff war with Germany was an adverse factor, but, as *Mitteleuropäische Wirtschaft* remarks, 'a tariff

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war between such happily supplementary economic organisms — over-industrialized Germany and agrarian Poland rich in raw materials — must necessarily break down if economic geography is as strong a factor as it appears to be.' Germany nevertheless provided 25.3 per cent of Poland's imports and took 31.3 per cent of her exports in 1927, though previously Germany absorbed about half of the total exports of her eastern neighbor.

Remarkable industrial strides were made during the year. Pig-iron production increased 99 per cent, steel 71.8 per cent, rolled iron 75.5 per cent. The nation's two million spindles and 45,000 looms also enjoyed prosperity. The number of bankruptcies during the first six months of 1927 fell to less than half the number for the corresponding period in 1926, and many new corporations were formed. At the beginning of 1927 Poland had 1755 corporations, and by the end of November she had added 1038 to the list. The capitalization of the new firms exceeded that of all companies organized before the beginning of the year.

The past year, although filled with important political events, offered little economic relief or improvement in Rumania. The lei, having fallen on the exchange to an exceedingly low figure, remained virtually stable throughout the year. *Mitteleuropäische Wirtschaft* implies that the National Bank of Rumania may have had a hand in maintaining this stabilization, but the same journal feels that currency reform cannot take place during the coming year unless the gold reserves of the issuing bank are replenished.

Transportation facilities improved materially, though many manufacturers had to suspend operations because of the heavy credit balances which had been shattered by the currency depreciation. Vienna and Budapest banks, however, were perfectly willing to finance many companies, the comparative stability of the lei and an exceedingly high interest rate proving very attractive lures.

Japan

The *Japan Weekly Chronicle* welcomes the growth of a movement to oppose the high-tariff programme of the present Government. As matters now stand, increased duties on steel, timber, and woolens are promised — a programme that most of the permanent government officials are said to oppose. The *Chronicle* remarks that the proposed change will only benefit a few large industrialists, while smaller manufacturers who have to purchase supplies abroad will suffer along with the general public.

To judge from the effects of a duty on dyestuffs designed to protect the industry from American competition, high tariffs appear to have certain advantages in Japan, for the price of dyes has remained constant. The only possible explanation is that the quality must have declined.

According to the president of the South Manchuria Railway Company, Manchuria and Mongolia, which now have a population of less than 30 million, can easily support several hundred million inhabitants and employ many thousand miles of railway. No other part of the world, in his opinion, is better endowed geographically and economically for the production of foodstuffs. Japan has already invested in these provinces about three quarters of a billion dollars, for which she receives only a little more than fifteen million dollars in dividends. 'If allowance is made for the cost of the garrison which Japan maintains in Manchuria to protect the railway, and for other incidental public outlays, it will be found that she is making no profit at all out of the province.'

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SHORTER ARTICLES

INTERNATIONAL HIGH LIGHTS

BRIAND AND AMERICA[1]

OUR Government has begun difficult negotiations with the American State Department. They started with M. Briand's famous proposal of last April. He was receiving the American press representatives on the anniversary of their country's entrance into the war, and was trying to correct the unfavorable impression produced on the other side of the ocean by our attitude on the debt question. Someone suggested unexpectedly, 'Why don't you tell them, then, that you are willing to make a treaty outlawing war?' The Yankees love fine phrases, and the suggestion was greeted with enthusiasm.

Unhappily, this amiable overture will not bear critical examination. So far as France is concerned, no conjuncture can be conceived wherein she would be rash enough to attack the United States. An American attack on France may be almost equally improbable, but it is not quite so absurd in principle. For a moment the Americans were delighted with our generous professions, incompatible though they might be with our obligations as a member of the League of Nations, which under certain conditions forbids our remaining neutral. On second thought, however, they began vaguely to suspect that we were asking them to sacrifice a little of their sovereignty and to hypothecate their future freedom of action. That put them on their guard. Finally, three weeks ago, they submitted to us a draft agreement that signifies nothing. It is merely the old treaty of arbitration already in force between our two governments, with a slightly modified preamble. No change was made in the articles reserving questions affecting the national honor and the vital interests of the signers. When he saw it, M. Briand cried, 'What have they done to my child!' He is now trying to make his child recognizable again, but with cruel doubts in his heart.

Let us examine the situation a little closer. What would our American friends really sacrifice by signing the treaty as our Ambassador submitted it at Washington? What controversy could ever arise between them and ourselves where the Briand pact would prove embarrassing? Here is the answer.

They would sacrifice their power of bringing armed pressure to bear upon us in time of war to prevent our taking the naval measures necessary to defend our interests. They would not be as free as they were in 1914 and 1915 to contest the right of France and England to interfere with neutral commerce. Protected in advance by our treaty, we should permit ourselves to do certain things upon the high seas which we should certainly hesitate to do in the absence of a guaranty against American attack.

Let us observe that this latent quarrel as to the rights of belligerents on the

[1] By Pertinax, in *L'Écho de Paris* (Clerical daily), *December* 30

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high seas also explains the naval rivalry between England and America which came to the surface during the last Geneva Conference. The British Admiralty insisted on its right to build a large number of small cruisers, each with a comparatively weak armament, because it did not intend to surrender any of its contraband and blockade contentions of 1914 to 1918. Washington naval men, perceiving the purpose of this host of small, swift vessels, designed to wipe out neutral commerce in time of war, refused to consider them defensive armaments and claimed the right to build ten-thousand-ton cruisers capable of hunting them down. Logically, therefore, the first and indispensable step in drafting a peace pact including England, France, and America is to reach a clear and candid understanding regarding what President Wilson called 'the freedom of the seas.'

Coming as it did at a time when America's international relations were still disturbed by the repercussions of the Geneva failure, M. Briand's proposal was not happily timed. Either it will result in an insignificant accord, or it will prove but one more source of irritation between America and her former allies. The English have acted more shrewdly in deciding to let sleeping dogs lie for the time being. The British Admiralty originally intended to ask the United States to advance by two years the decision as to the tonnage of large cruisers, which, under the terms of the Washington Convention of 1921, would ordinarily be made in 1931. It had good reasons for doing so. Beginning with 1932, the signatory Powers are authorized under the Convention to replace such cruisers as have attained a certain age-limit. Is it wise to wait until the last moment before ascertaining whether these big units are to remain thirty-five thousand tons, or to be reduced, as England wishes, to twenty thousand tons? But it now looks as if British naval experts had been cautioned not to raise this question just at present.

SOVIET OIL IN INDIA [2]

INDIA, one of the greatest of all markets for kerosene, is at present being deluged with Russian oil by an American company. The result is a rate war of which the consumer is getting the benefit, and to continue to give him this benefit and meet Russo-American competition two of the largest oil companies have already entered into an arrangement for their common advantage. The Soviet is responsible for many paradoxes and has done remarkable things in the name either of liberty or of Socialism, but perhaps the most cynical of these is to ally itself with the largest Western capitalistic oil trust in the world for the purpose of driving Burmese and other Asiatic kerosene out of its own Asian home markets and replacing it with the product of European Russia. A year ago the Standard Oil Company signed an agreement with the Soviet Naphtha Syndicate for a large quantity of illuminating oil spread over a period of three years, and undertook to erect a petroleum refinery at Batum. It also undertook to sell oil products in India and Ceylon and thereby to open up entirely new markets for Russian kerosene and petrol. The refinery was completed last August, and already by way of the Black and Red Seas Soviet oil is glutting the Indian bazaars. A second contract for Russian bunker fuel oil (mazout) covering a period of five years has since been negotiated, and, according to the Russian account, the Standard Oil Company has bound itself to sell noth-

[2] From the *Statesman* (Calcutta Anglo-Indian daily), *December* 14

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ing but Russian fuel oil during that period in Constantinople, Port Said, and Colombo. The Russian press triumphantly points out that Russian fuel oil was hitherto unknown at Port Said or further east, and it claims that still larger operations lie ahead and that these agreements are but a basis for 'subsequent discussions with other parties for operations in other markets.'

Competition is the essence of the system of private capital, and if a socialized industry could by fair means undersell a private enterprise and capture its markets the latter could have no complaint. But Sir Henri Deterding, of the Royal Dutch Petroleum Company, with some justice points out that this is not the case. Every country has the right to nationalize an industry, but in this instance nationalization is a euphemism for theft. The companies owning Russian oil concessions and plant have never received a penny of compensation for the millions of invested capital value which these represented, not to mention confiscated cash, bank deposits, and stocks of material and oil. The Soviet are producing oil from other people's resources. Having only to cover their overhead charges and get a return on whatever capital they have put in for new development, they can afford to undersell their rivals, who have had to pay their way at every stage and have in addition been themselves the victims of a colossal robbery in Russia. The question of Socialism is not involved at all, but the much more vital question of the sanctity of contracts.

It is therefore surprising to find a great private capitalistic enterprise, which obviously depends for its existence upon international recognition of the sanctity of contracts, entering into alliance with the confiscators and placing its own vast selling organization at their disposal in order to secure them new markets and enable itself to undersell its normal competitors. We shall not be surprised if this trust has prepared a rod for its own back and if in days to come the oil contract with the Soviet stands out as a piece of folly which put a deadly weapon in the hands of the enemies of private enterprise throughout the world. But the step has been taken, and the whole problem has now got to be considered afresh in the light of facts as they are. The Standard Oil Company was not the first to deal with the Soviet. The policy was begun by the Vacuum Oil Company, and its president vigorously defends its action. He does not admit that his company has waived its claim to compensation for losses sustained through the confiscation of its Russian properties, but in effect his argument seems to be that if there is good business now to be done by buying cheap from Russia that is a moral equivalent of compensation. Russia, in short, by selling cheap to the companies from which she stole, is indirectly and without loss of face making amends. Sir Henri Deterding claims that his own company has never negotiated with the Soviet except on the basis of compensation, but he makes the striking admission that his group did at one time purchase oil from the Soviet. This, he declares, was done at the special request of the British Government to facilitate a settlement which at that period was hoped for, and which would have improved Anglo-Russian relations and led to the oil companies obtaining either restitution of their properties or compensation. Whatever the reason, we fear that the steed is stolen and that Sir Henri Deterding's attempts to lock the stable door are doomed to failure. But the question is vital, and cannot be left alone. Russia has reorganized her oil industry, and this year has

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exceeded her pre-war output. Large new pipe lines will soon be completed and will greatly facilitate her export trade. The pass is sold, and where the Standard and Vacuum companies have entered others will follow. India and other Eastern countries are entitled to take protective measures if they think fit, but the likelihood of legislatures affording adequate protection is not great. The most hopeful plan would seem to be for all the oil companies which suffered from confiscation to combine to save what is left of the principle of compensation and agree to receive it in indirect form. If they were to unite on a programme of proportionate contracts they would probably be able to check the complete dislocation of markets by ruinous rate wars, and at any rate would restore some of the confidence of the business world. The great American combine could scarcely be indifferent to a proposal to restore some credit to the theory of the sanctity of contracts, which its action has sadly damaged.

A DOG'S LIFE [3]

THAT, in effect, is what the men who lived it say. Roosevelt, who had a blunt way of expressing himself, declared that the Presidency was 'Hell.' Mr. Coolidge, who chooses his words with care, confessed to a close friend not long ago that it was 'devilish.' Neither Hell nor the Devil suggests Paradise. Mr. Harding was about the only president who really enjoyed the job. And he died. They do not die in Paradise.

What is there so terrible about the White House, which at first glance looks like a pretty, sugar-coated Savoy cake in its frame of verdure? Apparently, because a president finds it too much like a jail. The tenant of our Élysée is only a prisoner of the Constitution, whose only duty is to drowse away seven long years in his palace home. But the tenant of the White House is a prisoner with one hundred and twenty million jailers, who do not let him close his eyes for an instant during his four-year term.

'My husband,' Mrs. Roosevelt once said to me, 'often has an unbroken procession of visitors filing in front of him from seven o'clock in the morning.'

These American visitors are appalling. They do not talk and pose and gesticulate like our French callers. But they shake your hand and pump your arm. Imagine what it must be to have your arm shaken with loyal vigor four hundred times in one forenoon! On two occasions Harding was so crippled by this that he had to carry his arm in a sling.

Formal deputations are equally bad. They are headed by a member of Congress, who as a matter of course must make a speech. Like all parliamentarians with any self-respect, he has a favor to ask. Since the President of the United States combines the functions of Chief Magistrate and Prime Minister, you can imagine the number of these requests.

I recall being present in 1908 when a deputation arrived from somewhere away in the interior of Georgia to urge the President not to remove the postmistress of some little town — I believe it was called Cement.

'A crying injustice is being done her!' exclaimed the head of the deputation.

Roosevelt excelled in such a situation. He could be charming, brutal, and expeditious all at once. 'A crying injustice to a lady! Intolerable!' he cried. 'We can't permit any injustice to a lady! But I must be honest with you. I never saw the place from which

[3] By Stèphane Lauzanne, in *Le Matin* (Paris boulevard daily), *January* 4

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you come. You go and see Mr. Meyer. He 's at the head of the Postal Service. Perhaps he knows this lady — he surely must know your city. Good-bye!'

But Roosevelt could 'get away with' a manner that no other president would venture to adopt.

In the next place, the Chief Executive of the United States is the 'big boss.' He must have his eye on everything. The cabinet ministers are merely his secretaries, who are responsible only to him. In theory they must submit everything to him, either verbally or in writing, before they act. Mr. Wilson, who hated palavers, generally insisted upon having written reports and memoranda. He read them, made notes upon them, and sent them back with his typewritten comments or approval. Mr. Lansing, who was his Secretary of State, once said that whole weeks would sometimes pass without his being able to get an interview with the President or to communicate with him except by letter. Harding, on the other hand, had a horror of papers, and transacted all his business orally. Mr. Coolidge is said to employ both methods. But his interviews with his officials are extremely brief and to the point, and his annotations on a report are conciseness itself.

Roosevelt, who had the reputation of being a great talker, could be, when he wished, laconicism personified. Once when Mr. Taft was Governor-General of the Philippines, two months passed without his communicating with the President or giving him any other sign of life. At length Roosevelt sent him this short cablegram: 'How are you?'

Twelve hours later he received this answer: 'First-rate. Rode twelve miles horseback yesterday.'

Now Mr. Taft is a very corpulent man. The next day he received this cablegram: 'How's the horse?'

Added to these burdens are hundreds of requests daily for autographs, photographs, signatures in albums, which the President can hardly refuse, to say nothing of his regular correspondence. Mr. Wilson was very strict in this matter. Every letter he received was answered. Not infrequently he wrote the reply himself on his typewriter.

Last of all come the newspaper men. Twice a week, at four o'clock Tuesday and Friday afternoons, the President receives in his office the correspondents of all the more important papers. Each has a right to submit a written question. The President collects these papers, reads them one after another, and, standing in front of his questioners, answers or does not answer, as circumstances determine. It is understood that his replies are never ascribed to him personally, but to 'the spokesman of the White House.' That may seem like a puerile evasion, but the proprieties must be preserved; they are as indispensable in America as elsewhere.

Rarely does a president end his first year in the White House with unimpaired health. Receiving delegations, shaking hands, signing autographs, answering requests, and posing in front of cameras, become a veritable nightmare. But though it is 'a dog's life,' there are always plenty of aspirants for the office. Men die of the Presidency, and men die of disappointment because they cannot be presidents.

A NEW PHASE IN PALESTINE[4]

A NEW chapter has been opened in the history of Jewish colonization in Palestine. The period of wholesale repatriation is drawing to a close and the period of consolidating the position of the

[4] By Arthur Koestler, in *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Liberal daily), *December* 28

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Jew settlers has begun. There are two causes for this. The first is a serious business crisis which has called a halt in immigration. The second is lack of funds.

Some observers will, of course, interpret these two phenomena as symptoms of failure. And in truth, like all grandiose projects, the plan of creating a new national home for the Jews has met with setbacks. Unbounded hopes were aroused when the British Government finally endorsed the project. These hopes have been defeated in two respects. Great Britain, the mandatory Power, has shown itself by no means whole-heartedly sympathetic with the work of repatriation, and has frequently put obstacles in its path; and the Zionists have lacked economic and political skill and experience to guide their policy to an immediately successful issue. They have brought some eighty thousand people into the country, thus laying the basis of a Jewish State, but they have not been able to provide homes and profitable occupation for these immigrants. Therefore the present crisis.

An item of over half a million dollars in the Zionist Budget for the Jewish year 5688 has the caption 'Agricultural Settlement.' But four hundred thousand dollars of this sum are to cover previous expenditures, seventy thousand dollars are to pay administrative expenses, and only fifty thousand dollars remain for actually putting people upon the land. It is an extraordinary fact that nearly six hundred thousand dollars are appropriated in the same Budget for public health, or more than for agricultural settlement — a paradox that probably has no precedent in a country in the colonization stage. No appropriations whatever are made for encouraging industry or handicrafts.

Coincident with this slowing down of practical activities comes a weakening of the Zionist ideal. Its original slogan, 'A Jewish State,' has been traded for the less challenging expression, 'Jewish National Home,' and the latter term has been diluted until it has lost most of its political significance. In fact, German Zionists have recently been advocating a 'bi-national State,' qualified by the assumption that a successful Zionist programme is conditional upon the Jews becoming a majority in Palestine. Still another Party believes in striving after qualitative superiority, rather than quantitative preponderance.

These diluted and more or less sophisticated versions of Zionism do not captivate the masses. Even at best, only two or three per cent of the Jews in the world have associated themselves with Zionism. The present conditions in Palestine, and the discontent prevailing inside the Zionist organization, make it unlikely that the ratio will increase.

We must conclude, therefore, that the Zionist Movement, regarded objectively, has halted before the Jews have become numerous enough in Palestine — where they do not exceed one hundred and sixty thousand, and own only two hundred and twenty-five thousand acres — to control the country. By relinquishing for the time being its policy of further expansion, and by concentrating itself upon consolidating its present position, Zionism is logically compelled to abandon its previous political propaganda and colonization methods and to strike out in a new direction suggested by the results of its previous experiments.

Although the situation may seem unpromising at the moment, however, signs of better things are already visible. Work has just begun in the Jordan Valley upon the first hydro-electric power station in Asia Minor. The promoters are the Palestine Elec-

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tric Corporation, a Zionist group under the direction of a well-known engineer named Rutenberg, who is already at the head of the three largest steam stations in Palestine, at Haifa, Jaffa, and Tiberias. The new works on the Jordan are part of a superpower scheme looking to the ultimate production of two hundred and fifty thousand horsepower, which promises to have a decisive influence upon the industrial development of the country.

Of even greater interest are the negotiations under way for a concession to exploit the Dead Sea. It seems probable at present that this concession will be granted to an Anglo-Jewish Company in which Sir Alfred Mond and Lord Reading are prominent. Exaggerated reports of these Dead Sea possibilities have been current in the European press. It has even been rumored that enough potash can be extracted cheaply from this ancient body of water to destroy the present Franco-German monopoly. The facts seem to be, so far as we can gather from the reticent and conservative reports that the British have permitted to get abroad, that the transportation problem has been satisfactorily solved, probably by an electric funicular from the Dead Sea to the Haifa branch of the Hejaz Railway; that chemical obstacles, in particular those presented by the presence of magnesium chloride, have been overcome by the use of a newly developed process; and that climatic and labor conditions are so favorable that Palestine potash will be able to compete to advantage in the world market.

Last of all comes the improvement of Haifa harbor, which it is now finally settled will begin this year, and the plan of making it the terminus of a pipe line from the Mosul oil fields. The English insist upon the selection of this port instead of Alexandretta, in order that the line may run exclusively through British territory. This will make Haifa one of the most important shipping centres in the Near East.

Coming now to agriculture, the citrus-fruit industry is already a demonstrated success. It is virtually certain, moreover, that irrigation agriculture of every kind is destined to prove profitable. Upon the whole, therefore, the economic prospects of Palestine are promising. It rests with the Zionist authorities to shape their policies with these prospects in view. Above all, every encouragement should be given to private initiative; and better facilities for credit, both to individuals and to corporations, must be provided.

FRANCE AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE[5]

ARE we to have woman suffrage at last in the land of Jeanne d'Arc, of George Sand, and of the Revolution that proudly proclaimed the rights of man? A majority of Poincaré's Cabinet is reported to have voted in its favor. All the Conservative ministers did so, but four Radicals are said to have opposed it. This action raised a row in the Senate, where the Radical majority had managed for several years to prevent a vote on a bill giving women the ballot. That Party's delegation in the Upper House hastily got together and announced through the press that it was as inflexibly opposed as ever to letting the ladies into politics.

Since then the Cabinet has kept quiet, but Conservative newspapers have clamored for votes for women. Yet, notwithstanding what has happened in other countries, France still treats such a proposal as a joke. Whether the Cabinet really took a secret poll, with the results I have described, or not, the lords of creation

[5] By Dr. Eugen Feihl, in *Kölnische Zeitung* (Conservative Nationalist daily), *December* 28

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on the boulevards have received a shock.

Although the lady president of the *Union française pour le suffrage des femmes* professes to be a Social-Radical, and although the principal champion of woman suffrage in the Senate is also a Radical, opponents of women's rights are found mostly in the bourgeois Left. French Socialists, who usually have a middle-class opinion on domestic issues, are equally hostile to the reform, although they cannot say so openly because that would be in conflict with Socialist doctrine. They are Frenchmen before they are party men upon this question. An Englishman acts before he theorizes; a German theorizes and — to the immense amusement of the Frenchman — tries forthwith to put his theory into practice; a Frenchman is an enthusiastic theorist who takes fire at once for equality, liberty, fraternity, world peace, the eight-hour day, and any other fine and generous ideal. But he is often the last man in the world to put these fine theories into practice.

We should recognize, however, that the intellectual heirs of the French Revolution are true to tradition in opposing woman suffrage. Regardless of the first article of the Declaration of the Rights of Man, the revolutionary assemblies, while granting women the title of citizeness, refused to give them the vote. They remained *citoyennes passives*. To be sure, an agitation started immediately to make them *citoyennes actives*. Condorcet, the philosopher and publicist, in his *Essai sur la constitution et les fonctions des assemblées provinciales*, advocated giving the ballot to women who owned real estate. Olympe de Gouges, one of the women writers of the Revolution, drafted a *Déclaration des droits de la femme* on lines similar to those of the *Déclaration des droits de l'homme*. Etta d'Aelders enthusiastically proclaimed in the pillared passages of the Palais Royal her idea of the rôle that women should play in the new era. Women's clubs were organized. Amazon battalions were recruited. But none of the revolutionary governments would hear of women's taking an active part in politics. In 1794 the women's clubs were disbanded and the organization of new ones was prohibited.

After that women's rights was virtually a dead issue in France, though from time to time a very mild revival of the movement occurred. Julie Daubié raised the issue in her book, *La Femme pauvre au XIXe siècle*. After the Imperial Edict of 1868 had again given women the right to speak in public and to hold public meetings, a *Ligue des femmes* was organized, to reform the injustices of the Code Napoléon. It published a newspaper, *Le Droit des femmes*. Shortly before the World War French women suffragists began to take a prominent part in the international women's movement, but they secured very little support from the masses of their countrywomen.

Frenchmen continued to regard this agitation as a bizarre offshoot of the caricatured suffragette movement in Great Britain. To be sure, several newspapers — *La Française*, *La Fronde*, *L'Entente*, *L'Équité* — were founded to advocate this reform, and a number of societies, including *L'Union française pour le suffrage des femmes*, *La Ligue française pour le droit des femmes*, *Le Conseil national des femmes*, *L'Égalité*, *La Vie féminine*, and others, were organized to promote it. But the public refused to take the movement seriously, although a few prominent society ladies, like the Duchesse d'Uzes, became its champions. It was regarded as an innocent amusement of political salons, and its historian, Léon Abensour, ac-

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curately described it as purely 'intellectual and bourgeois.'

When the war came, women were drafted into occupations previously monopolized by men, and were employed in many forms of war work. Naturally this led to a demand for greater political rights. One of the arguments used was that France must do something to counteract Germany's influence in the International Woman Suffrage Union and the Socialist International, where her representatives were accused of conducting propaganda against the Allies. This suspicion was fortified by the active peace-agitation conducted by German women suffragists. When the Dutch branch of the International Association proposed during the war to call a peace congress at The Hague, English suffragettes, who were taking a very effective part in army recruiting and munitions making, promptly refused the invitation. French suffragists published a statement to the effect that they could not resume their coöperation with the International until 'outraged international law' had been vindicated.

About this time some public men in France began to advocate granting a limited franchise to women. In 1917 Pierre Flandin proposed that they should be given the right to vote and to hold elective offices in local and departmental councils. A bill to this effect has been introduced in Parliament several times since the war. Quite recently the Chamber of Deputies passed the measure. Apparently no party wanted to put itself on record as opposing it, especially as it felt sure the Senate would smother the project. The Senate Committee to which the bill was referred promptly did what was expected of it.

Agitation in favor of votes for women got a big, if unexpected, boost from the new military law, carried through the Chamber by a Socialist, Paul Boncour, which as introduced provided for mobilizing the whole nation in time of war, 'without distinction of age and sex.' When he submitted his bill to the Chamber, Paul Boncour explicitly declared, 'Now, or never, is the time for French women to demand the ballot.' But again the Senate blocked the way, by amending the wording of the law without materially changing its practical effect. The motive for the amendment was primarily international. The senators objected that a law designed to make France one great war machine would give her the reputation abroad of being an ultramilitarist nation. Any modern war, moreover, would automatically compel women to serve in every capacity within their power. In fact, during the last war women were employed in the telegraph and telephone service right up to the front trenches, under the direction of Madame Dieulafoy, a prominent woman suffragist. Last of all, French army men pointed out that if in a future war the enemy should occupy French territory, it could justify any action it desired to take against the civilian population by the fact that the French army law automatically drafted women into service. So the senators had a number of welcome excuses for rejecting those clauses of the measure which were likely to help along the suffrage movement.

Why is it, then, that French politicians of every creed, particularly of the Left, obstinately oppose giving women the ballot? An answer must be found in the coming elections. The Cartel of the Left has broken up. The Socialist-Radical Party is badly demoralized. Nevertheless, the bourgeois Left hopes to win, thanks to the new electoral law. This law provides for a second balloting whenever none of the candidates

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gets a clear majority, and in this second balloting the Socialists will almost always vote for a Radical rather than for a candidate from the Right. At the same time, the electors of the Right will cast their ballots for a Radical rather than for a Socialist. But no one can tell how the women would vote. The powerful hold which the Church still has upon them would unquestionably be used against the Left. Yet it is feared that the change would likewise strengthen the Communists. In fact, at several municipal elections this year, especially in the suburbs of Paris, Communist women candidates were not only nominated, but elected. The Communists have made an effective propaganda grievance of the refusal of the authorities to seat these duly chosen candidates.

Apart from such purely party considerations, deeper reasons exist for the aversion most Frenchmen feel to woman suffrage. It springs from ancient prejudices and antipathies. Most opponents of votes for women, among whom are a number of prominent women writers, argue that a majority of the women in France are perfectly satisfied with their present civic status and do not desire a change. They value the influence they already exercise over male voters more than the ballot. What is sometimes called petticoat government, and is suggested by the proverb, '*Cherchez la femme*,' has always been potent in France and a favorite theme for satire.

But would this form of feminine influence wane if women had the right to vote? And why, then, so much alarm? Upon closer view we must conclude that the present excitement is largely fictitious. No bill has been introduced as yet to give women the vote except in elections for local office. *Tant de bruit pour une omelette au lard?*

THE MANCHURIAN RAILWAY LOAN[6]

[SPECULATION is still rife as to what really happened to block the proposed American loan of forty million dollars to the South Manchuria Railway. This article illustrates the incurable distrust with which a certain element in the Far East, made up more or less of all the nationalities represented there, regards any effort at Japanese expansion, either economic or political, on the mainland.]

THE absence of any official declaration on the part of the State Department leaves American residents of this part of the world, and the Chinese as well, pretty much in the dark as to the attitude of the American Government respecting the loan of forty million dollars which the Japanese-owned South Manchuria Railway has been trying to borrow from J. P. Morgan and Company and the National City Bank of New York. A Reuter message from New York received in Shanghai on December 7 quoted one of the New York newspapers as expressing the view that the State Department's attitude had changed and it was now thought that the Government would oppose the loan. All who are interested in the future peaceful and friendly relations of the United States and China hope that this latest report is true, for there is little question but that such a loan would lay the foundation for future serious trouble between America and China, and in addition would certainly involve America in the highly dangerous situation which is bound to develop in Manchuria in the future owing to the rivalries of Japan and Russia over this considerable section of the territories of the Chinese Republic. There is nothing new regarding this

[6] From the *China Weekly Review* (Shanghai American English-language weekly), *December* 17

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Manchurian question. Before the Russo-Japanese War it was generally believed that Russia would ultimately annex this territory, but Japan intervened and defeated Russia. Since that time Japan has been proceeding to do what Russia failed to do — annex Manchuria. The Japanese military party tried to clinch Japan's control over Manchuria by means of the Twenty-one Demands of 1915, and when blocked in the consummation of her major project by the United States she changed her methods and tried to buy Manchuria outright by means of the notorious 'Nishihara' loans of 1917–18. Again she failed, but only to make another attempt when the International Banking Consortium was formed, as a result of President Wilson's suggestion at the Paris Peace Conference, as a means of breaking down the old 'sphere of influence' policy in China. Japan exerted herself to prevent Manchuria from being included in the scope of the Consortium, and by some is now thought to have succeeded in view of the indefiniteness of Mr. Thomas W. Lamont's statements on this subject. The *Japan Chronicle*, the British paper published at Kobe, Japan, in discussing this point recently expressed the opinion that Manchuria had been included in the Consortium agreement, but that a private or 'gentlemen's' agreement between Mr. Lamont and the Japanese bankers rather contradicted Mr. Lamont's public declaration on the question.

Thus, dating back to the attempt of Secretary Knox to neutralize the railways of Manchuria, Japan has been trying to obtain control of this important part of the Asiatic mainland. And on each occasion it has been America which has stood in the way of the consummation of Japan's major ambitions. During the World War, Japan, by oblique methods, succeeded in obtaining the signature of the American Secretary of State, Mr. Robert Lansing, to the so-called Lansing-Ishii Agreement, a cleverly written document which caused the United States to recognize Japan's superior position in Manchuria. But the Lansing-Ishii Agreement was thrown out when its real import was discovered at the Washington Conference. The Washington Conference went very thoroughly into this question of Manchuria, and finally adopted a treaty which was supposed to definitely guarantee the political, economic, and administrative integrity of China's territories; but this apparently means nothing to the Japanese military party, which is still following old ambitions, the only difference being in method. The present Premier of Japan is Baron Tanaka, a member of the military clan, and immediately following his assumption of office he opened negotiations with Marshal Chang Tso-lin regarding Japan's interests in Manchuria and Inner Mongolia. In order to be unhampered in the propagation of his 'positive' policy in Manchuria and Inner Mongolia, Premier Tanaka has never appointed a Minister of Foreign Affairs in his Japanese Cabinet, while on this side the negotiations have been conducted directly with Marshal Chang Tso-lin, generalissimo of the Fengtien military party. In this way Tanaka and Chang Tso-lin have been able to keep both Japanese and Chinese foreign-office civilian officials who might be opposed to the present Japanese policy from meddling in the negotiations. Despite the fact that these negotiations have been going on for several months, there has been no official statement on the part of either Tanaka or Chang Tso-lin as to the real contents of the proposed agreement which Tanaka is trying to induce Chang

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Tso-lin to sign. The Chinese newspapers have published many reports referring to the alleged Japanese demands, and, although the reports are not authoritative, sufficient has been disclosed to indicate that Japan's present purpose differs little from her past attempts to annex China's Three Eastern Provinces of Heilungkiang, Kirin, and Shengking and turn them into a colony similar to the present status of Korea.

The instrument which Japan is using for the accomplishment of her ambitious project is the South Manchuria Railway Company, a semiofficial enterprise, fifty-one per cent of which is owned by the Japanese Government and the remainder by influential Japanese capitalists and officials who are members of the Government clique. This railway company is a unique enterprise which occupies a position quite similar to a colonial government. It is all-embracing, in that it not only operates a railway, but acts as a 'mother' or holding company for innumerable other Japanese enterprises in Manchuria, from the operation of dairies and schools to coal and iron mining. It has judicial functions and police power, operates newspapers, and does about everything, including the thinking for thousands of Japanese residents of Manchuria and many millions of Chinese who reside in the railway 'zone.' In 1925, when one of Chang Tso-lin's generals rebelled and threatened to overturn the Mukden war lord, it was the South Manchuria Railway which sent its armed and uniformed guards to Chang's yamen, situated in Chinese territory, and prevented Chang from deserting his armies and fleeing to Dairen. Thus the South Manchuria Railway was able to stabilize the situation in Mukden until Chang Tso-lin could reorganize his army and defeat the rebellious general, Kuo Sung-lin — whom the Japanese held in a trap until Chang Tso-lin could conquer him at leisure. Again last spring, when the Nationalist armies threatened to invade Shantung and Chihli Provinces, with prospects of carrying the Chinese revolution into Manchuria, Japan threw her troops into Shantung Province and by blocking General Chiang Kai-shek again saved her puppet, Marshal Chang Tso-lin.

So much for the Chinese end of the plot. Now we turn to the United States, a prosperous country which is seeking outlets for surplus capital. A few weeks ago Mr. Thomas W. Lamont of Morgan and Company, accompanied by a staff of experts, visited Japan 'on a pleasure trip,' to use the words of an inspired press report put out at the time of his departure from New York. Lamont duly arrived in Japan, and spent several days in private conversation with government officials, capitalists, and industrialists in Tokyo, and immediately following his return to America held a conference with Secretary Kellogg of the State Department. So far as anyone in this part of the world is aware, there have been no official reports regarding these conferences, but sufficient has leaked out to show that two leading American banking houses, the National City Bank and Morgan and Company, have been negotiating with the Japanese for a loan to the South Manchuria Railway Company, the purpose of the Japanese being to obtain American capital and influence for clinching their 'positive' policy in Manchuria and Inner Mongolia. There can be no disputing this, for the negotiations for a loan from the American bankers were proceeding simultaneously with the Japanese negotiations in Peking to induce Marshal Chang Tso-lin to agree to the new Japanese demands. Baron Tanaka was so

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anxious to put over the deal with the Fengtien militarists that he rather overdid it, and caused a reaction in the Fengtien camp when General Yang Yu-ting, Chief-of-Staff to Marshal Chang Tso-lin, rebelled and gave out an interview to the American and British newspaper correspondents in Peking denouncing the proposed American loan and Japanese 'positive' policy all at the same time. General Yang really let the cat out of the bag, for he showed quite conclusively why the Japanese Government was trying to borrow American money. Therefore, if the State Department has finally decided to oppose the proposed loan, the credit largely belongs to General Yang Yu-ting, for, while the Chinese Nationalists in the Yangtze Valley and South China have consistently opposed the proposed loan, the officials of the Kuomintang have been so busy with their internal political problems that their official protests probably came too late to do any good.

The participation of the American bankers, particularly Morgan and Company and the National City Bank, has not been such as to reflect any particular credit upon the United States in this part of the world. To put it in plain language, they have been caught red-handed in an attempt to bolster up through the use of American money the imperialistic schemes of the Japanese military party, which has been trying for years to undermine America's traditional policies pertaining to the Open Door and equality of opportunity in this part of the world. The Japanese, through the offer of high interest rates, — 6 per cent on bonds issued at 97, — have offered Morgan and Company and the National City Bank an attractive bait, and the American bankers immediately rush to the State Department in an attempt to swing the American Government into line in support of the loan. And of still further import in this same connection, we learn from an interview which Mr. Jotaro Yamamoto, president of the South Manchuria Railway, granted to the Associated Press that the Japanese were planning to use a considerable portion of this money for purchasing railway equipment in the United States. This brings the United States Steel Corporation into the picture, and possibly also the American Locomotive Works, both of which concerns have always worked very closely with Japanese interests in North China. If we remember correctly, it was the late Judge Gary, president of the United States Steel Corporation, who coined the phrase, 'American money and Japanese brains in China,' after he had made a tour of Japan several years ago and had been wined and dined by the Japanese government officials and financiers. Judge Gary always preached the doctrine that the proper way to solve the Chinese problem was to turn China over to Japan and then lend Japan the money to enable her to put over the scheme. But the scheme failed ten years ago, and it is bound to fail again; but, as stated in the foregoing, the activities of such American concerns as Morgan and Company, the National City Bank, and the United States Steel Corporation do not reflect any particular credit upon American Big Business, for they have been caught in an apparent attempt to undermine a traditional American policy toward another friendly nation, and purely because attractive profits were in prospect. Apparently the friendly relations of China and America, not to mention the vital element of future peace in this part of the world, are minor considerations in the minds of these gentlemen!

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FORTY-FOUR HOURS ON THE SEA BOTTOM[1]

BY PAUL ORDTOLF

[Our Provincetown tragedy was made the occasion of several articles relating to U-boat experiences in the European press, one of which we published in our last issue. The following article, translated and called to our attention by a German student at one of our colleges, is particularly interesting as reflecting on the adequacy of the safety devices and safety regulations used in our own navy.]

As far as reports in our newspapers regarding the American submarine disaster would indicate, the submarine was responsible for this accident. Our German boats during the war were equipped with excellent sound-detectors which made it possible to learn, even when deeply submerged, whether moving steamers were in dangerous proximity. As a further safeguard against possible collisions while emerging, it was a naval command in Germany that the boat should run at periscope depth long enough to determine the safety of its location before complete emergence. At this depth of twenty-seven feet the commander could make sure that no ships were near. This last safeguard should have made an accident impossible, even though the sound-detectors were not operating.

The history of German submarines does not record a similar accident. To be sure, little was ever heard of the fate of the two hundred and four boats which were lost during the war. We suffered large losses due to collisions at the beginning of our submarine warfare, when we required our boats to emerge before torpedoing any vessels which were not military vessels. Because of this ruling, our submarines were often made victims of collision or sudden bombardment. But of course we should not compare premeditated war measures with an unintentional accident such as the one which befell the S-4.

The first disaster which occurred in the early German submarine history was the sinking of the U-3 in Kiel harbor in 1911, due to the faulty construction of the diving rudder.

Of course, the first submarine ever built, which was constructed by Mr. Bauer from Dillingen on the Danube, was lost in Kiel harbor in 1851, but this was in the nature of an experiment.

The U-3, which was sunk at a depth of from 105 to 108 feet, was, however, brought to the surface by the specially constructed submarine pontoon steamer Vulkan after thirteen hours. Except for three men who were suffocated by poisonous gases, — water penetrating into the generating batteries, — all the crew were saved.

The second accident of this sort befell the German Navy during the war, in 1917. U-21 sank with a shattered stern in the Imperial dockyards in Kiel as a result of the spontaneous combustion of a torpedo. It came to rest at a depth of fifty-two feet. The rescue work was difficult because the boat had sunk alongside the quay wall

[1] From *Muenchener Neueste Nachrichten* (Munich Conservative daily), *December 25*

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and the Vulkan could not be used to raise her. Only after long and strenuous efforts were the divers able to attach the chains around her hull. After sixteen hours it was possible to lift the boat with the assistance of two large cranes. Most of the crew were standing in water up to their chests, and five had been killed by the explosion.

In both cases the rescue work was certainly easier because the accidents had happened within a harbor and everything that could help in the rescue work was quickly on hand and immediately applied. But it seems that the American submarine, too, was sunk close to the coast. If there had been available a special rescue ship of the type of our former Vulkan, which consisted of two vessels firmly connected by bridges, it would perhaps have been possible to save the boat. As to how far the devices that were employed in the attempt to rescue the submarine were adequate in this particular case cannot be judged here because of lack of actual data. An accident to the UB-86 on September 20, 1918, in which I was involved, gives an excellent example of the quality of our German U-boat construction.

We attacked a convoy of merchantmen near the English west coast at the entrance of the Bristol Channel. After torpedoing the first steamer, the captain wanted to perform a dive under the torpedoed steamer in order to cover up the trail of the submarine, which was the usual manœuvre in such cases. Now, it may have been that the whirlpool caused by the sinking ship caught our boat. It may also have been that the sinking steamer pressed upon us. In any case, the depth meter fell with a terrific speed down to three hundred feet. This was the maximum these meters would register, but the map showed us a depth of 144 metres. The grating sound of rock on metal which came from the outside showed us that we were lying upon solid ground. We had plenty of electric power, since the boat had only submerged a short time ago. The floating tanks seemed damaged. Water was trickling in at all rivets, but the hull withstood the terrific pressure of fourteen atmospheres. Our first job was to trim the boat — that is to say, to bring the boat, which had gone down nose first, on an even keel. It worked all right, but all attempts to drive the water out of the tanks by injecting compressed air failed — the boat simply would not move. The compressed air was quickly used up, and the chances for rescue seemed all gone. There were thirty-seven of us. After twenty hours the air was so thick that one could have cut it with a knife, although we had repeatedly 'pressed' or cleaned it with potassium cartridges and had made use of our oxygen supplies. Breathing became more and more difficult. A terrible fatigue overpowered us. After twenty-eight hours the first man became unconscious; after thirty-two hours the first death occurred. The rest of us lay there apathetically, with a violent palpitation of the heart, hardly able to move. The air had become so bad that we could hardly breathe; our lungs got nothing but a consumed, sticky air. After thirty-four hours the second man died. And then death began to occur more frequently. The commander, Captain Huebsch, died; shortly after him, the torpedo man in the bow.

We were becoming desperate. Groaning and panting, we lay around, and more and more urgent was the demand, 'Go ahead, shoot us.' I tried once more to apply the blast to clean the air, but my powerless arms were not able to do it. Painfully the hours passed by. We counted them — forty-

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two. All hope was gone. The torpedo mate asked me to come to the bow with him. If we had to die, why not make an end now by blowing up the torpedoes? Two stokers dragged themselves along with us. With endless pains we began to unscrew the lid of one of the torpedo barrels, to flood the torpedo chamber. We had been taught that an outside pressure of three atmospheres — or a depth of ninety feet — would be sufficient to cause a self-detonation of the torpedo. We expected every second the explosion which was to terminate our suffering. It did not come. A dud? With feeble limbs and panting wind, it took us almost an hour to raise the lid of the second barrel. The same terrible silence.

Now we knew that even fourteen atmospheres of water pressure would not blow up a torpedo, and, revived by a vague hope, we raised the lids of the remaining two torpedo barrels in the bow. I crawled back to the controls, the torpedo mate following me. Simultaneously we pressed the four buttons for the electric spark. Were there rocks in front of the boat which would explode the torpedoes? The slight tremble of the shots was again followed by a deep silence. But the boat, made lighter by the discharge of the torpedoes, was lifted noticeably at the bow. We attempted to pump water from the rear to the front balancing tanks, in order to get the boat on an even keel again. The attempt failed; the pumps were not primed, and would not hold the water. But the rise of the bow had awakened our hopes: there was only one last desperate attempt — we had to fire the stern torpedo. The boat lay in such a position that it had to hit the rocks immediately. Well, then it would be all over. We had been lying trapped at this terrible depth for forty-four hours when the stern torpedo was freed and I again pressed the button for the electric spark. All remained silent; no explosion followed the shot. Nobody will ever be able to say whether the torpedo by its up-drift was guided directly upward, or whether we were not lying on the ground any longer at that time.

We waited, and suddenly somebody cried, 'Forty metres!' Everybody stared at the depth meter. Slowly it drifted upward. At fifteen metres we saw through the heavy glass how the water turned light green. Suddenly it was all clear. I tried to open the conning-tower hatch. I could not do it. Two others helped me. The first breath of fresh air burned like liquid fire in our mouths and throats, which had been unused to oxygen for many hours. I had an indistinct feeling of being saved; then I became unconscious, and remained unconscious for four hours. Of a total crew of thirty-seven, nine were alive; the others had not survived the horrors of the last hours. The hull of the boat was battered like a can beaten by a hammer. The diving rudder was destroyed — no more diving was possible now. But we breathed fresh air.

We nine did stick together. Being the oldest in rank, I had taken the command of the boat. In nine days we traveled, always on the surface, around Ireland, midway between the Shetland and the Orkney islands, through three lines of English destroyers, to Bergen, Norway. The water in the tanks was mixed with the sea water. All provisions had become wet and had spoiled. Bread was all we had in sufficient quantity. With the assistance of the German consul we obtained provisions in Bergen, and by leaving under the shelter of late evening we avoided an English man-of-war which had been notified of our presence by English spies. On the next morning we got in touch with Norddeich by wireless, and

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near the spot where the battle of Jutland had taken place we were met by a fleet of German destroyers that had been sent out for us. They guided us safely back to Kiel.

We were examined at length in the Navy Department in Berlin. Finally I was introduced to the Kaiser. We heard praise and appreciation. But all my recollections of the submarine war — glowing heat in the Mediterranean, icy cold of a winter trip to Archangel, all those many hard and joyous days on shipboard, the hollow cracking of water bombs around the submerged boat, all dangers and adventures — turn pale at the memory of those forty-four hours when we were lying on the bottom of the sea near the Bristol Channel. These memories became strangely vivid when a few days ago I read of the tragic fate of those brave American sailors of the S-4 — a fate which I had escaped almost by a miracle.

'THE OUTLAWRY OF WAR'[1]

BY J. L. GARVIN

For the sake of Europe and America alike, and of this still-explosive planet as a whole, we must come straight to the point in dealing with the suggestions addressed by Mr. Kellogg through Paris to the world. In this country there can be no question of rejecting or evading them, if and when they are put formally before us. But at the same time there must be no misunderstanding about them.

One huge fact stands. To-day America is *arbiter mundi* like few nations in history. Nearly thirty years ago Count von Bülow, in a letter of fatal flattery, addressed his master as *arbiter mundi*, and assured William II that in his Imperial hands lay the power to sway the destinies of the earth. It was not true that Germany then possessed such a power or could in any circumstances gain it. Germany forgot America as in a smaller affair Randolph Churchill 'forgot Goschen.' But it is true that such a power and nothing less lies in the hands of the United States to-day. That situation will last for years to come. While the political and economic dissensions of Europe persist, America will remain necessarily the arbiter of the world.

What follows? It follows as plainly as the side of a house — for those who have any eyes whatever in their political heads — that whether the peace of mankind shall be established, or catastrophe overwhelm it, does not and cannot depend upon a League of Nations to which the predominant nation refuses to belong. The fate of Peace depends upon the United States.

From this point, let us explain first what seems to be little understood — the origin and bearing of Mr. Kellogg's proposals. Since President Wilson's downfall and the total repudiation of his engagements to Europe and to the League, the inner mind of America has never been wholly at ease. Among millions across the Atlantic, the desire to

[1] From the *Observer* (London Independent Sunday paper), *January* 8

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serve and save the cause of peace by other means grows and will grow. In many, that feeling is an ardent passion, humane and spiritual to a degree not surpassed by any of the practical idealists of Europe.

Among many other suggestions of alternatives to joining the League, one movement emerged and stood out by the strength and simplicity of its idea. This was Senator Borah's plan for the Outlawry of War. The drastic directness of this formula made a characteristic appeal to the spirit of the American people. The idea in its original shape seemed to aim at the absolute prohibition of human slaughter as a means of settling international disputes. Senator Borah's plan could not indeed hope to succeed unless he and America faced the old historic difficulty — unless, that is to say, some Supreme Court (or Tribunal) of the world were established to stamp out brute force without stereotyping such injustices and stupidities of the Versailles system as Germany and some smaller nations feel to be intolerable.

Last summer affairs took a new turn. Mr. S. O. Levinson, the well-known Chicago lawyer, — and Senator Borah's vigorous chief of staff in this matter, — was in Europe. Full of enthusiasm, he was, we think, disappointed by what he thought the frigidity of the official atmosphere in London. In Paris he found what seemed to be a much more responsive and encouraging reception. The surprising idea arose of forming, to begin with, a separate pact between America and France. What our nearest neighbors naturally want above all things is to be sure, amid the anxious uncertainties of the future, that the United States will never be actively against them, whatever else happens.

Last June, M. Briand, in a sanguine spirit, took the remarkable step of transmitting to Washington a definite proposal that, as between America and France, resort to war should be renounced and abolished forever, and that disputes of whatever nature or origin should be settled by peaceful means.

After over six months' delay Secretary Kellogg has replied. The extent of delay was not in the least unreasonable in view of the magnitude and difficulty of the matter, in its evident bearing upon interests far wider than those concerning direct Franco-American relations. In an electoral year every American statesman and politician has to watch his steps. Everyone fairly acquainted with the inwardness of these proceedings knew perfectly that by no chance could the affair be so simply treated as M. Briand supposed. The hands of the Senate in Washington cannot be bound. That body has a habit of turning down its thumb when treaties of this kind — involving permanent restriction of its own prerogative — are brought before it. The senators in the past have strewn the arena of their debates with such diplomatic corpses. Again, by no possibility can America seem to discriminate against Germany or to become any indirect guarantor of the Versailles territorial system as it stands.

The problem, then, for the State Department in Washington was how to deal with M. Briand's draft without rebuffing France; without tying America's hands in regard to the most important part of the future of the European question; and yet without giving in the eyes of the world a moral setback to the whole peace movement.

Accordingly, the American Government, in the manner foreseen, has had to disappoint French hopes of a separate and unconditional arrangement. But Mr. Kellogg has tried by scrupulous courtesy in terms to soften the disappointment. He suggests two things,

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and we must mark carefully the difference between them. First, he proposes that existing arbitration treaties shall be renewed in a somewhat improved form. Second, that France to begin with, and all the other principal nations afterward, shall engage with America — and, if they like, with each other — to make a system of treaties solemnly 'condemning war, and renouncing it as an instrument of national policy in favor of the pacific settlement of international disputes.' These words deliberately uttered by the American Government cannot be too much respected by every wise friend of peace. They seem to give universal extension to the formula of Locarno. Yet to know in fact just how much or how little this declaration means is a matter of profound concern to Europe and to all the world.

The doubt arises because the reservations of one part of the policy — that concerning arbitration — seem severely to limit, and might altogether nullify, the other part denouncing and renouncing war, morally banning this frightful survival of dark barbarism.

America's existing treaties of arbitration with several principal nations, including Britain and Japan, expire this year. That with France expires first and shortly. As we said, the form of renewal proposed by Mr. Kellogg is slightly improved. Formerly all questions touching 'national honor' were removed from the sphere of compulsory arbitration. This was a qualification so wide and elastic as to make the rest almost worthless. Now the American Government proposes more specifically to except from automatic arbitration three large categories: (*a*) domestic questions, (*b*) the Monroe Doctrine, and (*c*) questions involving third parties.

Again, in this last stipulation we have a principle that, so far as Europe and Japan know, might be interpreted so as to reduce to a dead letter the supplementary proposal for a multilateral declaration 'renouncing war as an instrument of national policy.' This is where doubt has to be cleared up and the real situation made as plain as daylight. Long since the fifty nations in the League swore by their Covenant, as solemnly as Mr. Kellogg could desire, to renounce war, except in the last extremity, against 'unprovoked aggression.' The pledge was repeated by the Locarno signatories. There is no objection to saying it, like the Bellman, three times. The more often it is repeated, the better. That America, above all, should propose a universal reaffirmation of the great general principle of the Covenant is a moral gain that nothing ought to be allowed to jeopardize.

But how far do we get in practice? Why is war barbarous, bestial, and abominable? Because it means the mutual mangling and butchery of human beings in conflicts where most of the victims on both sides have the least responsibility for the quarrel. There is bloodshed in Nicaragua. Far and wide in China bloodshed continues, ravage and death rage without let or hindrance. France legislates, with unprecedented gravity, to conscript and mobilize at need her whole population, male and female, capable of any kind of service for defense. Europe is deeply divided between those who still insist on the strict maintenance of the Versailles decrees and those who demand their revision. Within her good right, America, though the strongest and safest of nations, accumulates the destroying power of armaments in the old, old way. As will be shown in a few days at the Havana Conference, all Latin America dreads an hegemony more overwhelming in its nature than any other continent has known as a

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normal condition. By recent developments the League is paralyzed even for European purposes. When the Covenant was first adopted, the bloodless pressure of sea power was expected to be the surest of economic agents. Britain was to be head constable. In the new naval circumstances, Britain will not and cannot undertake any blockade involving the faintest possibility of armed conflict or even serious friction with the United States on the old, stubborn, dangerous question of the maritime rights of neutrals.

Thus under Mr. Kellogg's proposals, taking both parts together, the United States seems to reassert an exclusive position in the two linked continents of America, and at the same time to reserve, as regards the rest of the globe, uncertain but unlimited powers of neutral influence, indirectly decisive, or of active intervention in accordance with contingencies, as they may arise, affecting 'third parties.' That means, in effect, all contingencies; and it means nothing else.

Cynics and skeptics in all ages have had the advantage of the cheaper wit. As ready as ever, and as shallow, they guy the thing. They say that M. Briand, expecting a shining but solid Christmas gift, has received from Mr. Kellogg a gilt-edged card of New Year's compliments. They say that Europe notably is to enjoy nothing corresponding on this side of the Atlantic to the Monroe Doctrine on the other. They say that America only accepts arbitration and forbids war on minor questions, about which no one would ever dream of going to war. They say that, in fact, Mr. Kellogg's double-barreled policy, however else defined, is anything but the 'outlawry of war.' They say that in these circumstances a renunciatory recitative of all the nations in response to the prompting of Washington will only be as unanimous and diverting as Puff's chorus. They say that the whole policy, reversing the celebrated extravaganza, is a 'Message to Mars,' informing the monstrous deity that if he ever again breaks out with fire and slaughter the united nations will tell his mother.

But the cynics are far from plumbing the affair. It is deeper indeed than they suppose. If a series of treaties were made on the model proposed to France, then in the worst contingency the trade between America and Germany would be exempt from interference. Britain could not be so insane as to attempt any interference with it. The great blockade — the irresistible weapon of 1914–18 — could not be repeated. American opinion, so far as it cares about this matter at all, is in general sentiment 'revisionist,' not 'executionist.' All who may be concerned must face this epoch-making change in former European conditions.

Whatever else the American suggestions may turn out to mean when more fully explained, they are nothing like a plain outlawry of war in Senator Borah's original sense. The outlaw, when his name became common, was one cast out from the pale of all ordinary aid, assistance, and intercourse. His life was forfeit like his goods if he had any. At one time in the Middle Ages he was a 'wolf's head,' liable to be killed at sight.

How is the analogy to be applied in the modern world? Only in one way. The outlawed nation must be an 'aggressor' nation. We must learn to regard as the 'aggressor' any nation which refuses to submit any dispute not of a purely domestic character to arbitration or mediation. In all cases prolonged delay before resorting to violence is the quintessential necessity of any peace system. Any nation opening precipitate hostilities against another should incur the ban of the rest. That is what

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the 'outlawry of war' means. Without it, there can be no meaning in the phrase. Will America consent in the end to share in establishing some means of defining the 'aggressor'? And agree at least to withhold from any nation so defined all assistance and comfort, countenance and supplies?

This is the deciding factor. And this is why it lies in America's hands to determine indeed whether perpetual peace — as the supreme dream of the soul and achievement of the genius of man — shall be realized in the twentieth century, or whether another Dark Age, as prophesied by pessimists like Spengler and moralists like Keyserling, shall descend on white civilization. For the moment, this country is a sympathetic spectator of the negotiations between the United States and France, and must await their issue.

But we repeat that if and when Mr. Kellogg's questions are put directly to us there will be no doubt about the answer. By the Jay Treaty, as long ago as 1794, America and Britain together gave the first example of its kind to the modern world. In a later generation the 'Alabama' tribunal was a model of peaceful settlement. Over thirty years ago the Salisbury-Chamberlain Government proposed unconditional arbitration to America, but the Pauncefote Treaty, in spite of President Cleveland's emphatic recommendation, was killed by the Senate.

Much blood, as well as water, has flowed under the world's bridges since then. We led the way in former circumstances. We are ready in new to assist in working out any likely solution. The simplest and best solution, after all, is that of the American Ambassador in London. The vital safeguard against war, we repeat, is to avoid the helpless conditions of July 1914, when events with blind momentum swept over the brink, like a cataract. We must ensure, instead, prolonged delay before any opening of hostilities. If Mr. Houghton's idea were adopted — if no war could be started by any nation without a referendum to the whole people, if war on any other terms were outlawed indeed — the peace of the English-speaking peoples would be ensured forever, and that guaranty, in its turn, would throw a weight so preponderant on the side of all other forces making for delay and reason as to perpetuate indeed the peace of all the world.

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THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS[1]

BY LEONARD STEIN

THE freedom of the seas is not a mere catchword, but it is a fluid conception which can only be understood in the light of its historical background. The purpose of this article is to sketch that background in a purely objective spirit.

The first systematic attempt to mitigate the rigors of maritime law in the interests of neutrals is to be found in the fourteenth-century code known as the *Consolat del Mar* (or *Consolato del Mare*), which purported to embody the accepted usages of the Mediterranean. The effect of the *Consolat* was, briefly stated, that enemy ships and goods were lawful prize, but neutral property, whether ships or goods, was to go free. The *Consolat* brought neutrals some relief, but it was not consistently followed either by the Mediterranean states or by others. Having at length adopted the rules of the *Consolat* in 1650, France later reversed her policy and adhered, until the Declaration of Paris, to the contrary principle that neutral goods on enemy ships were lawful prize, with the corollary that enemy goods on neutral ships were free. On the other hand, from the seventeenth century onward, Great Britain, while stoutly denying that the neutral flag covered enemy goods, no longer condemned neutral goods on the sole ground that they were laden on enemy ships, or neutral ships on the sole ground that they were carrying enemy cargoes.

But it was no longer a simple question of ownership. The situation was complicated by the development of the doctrines of contraband and blockade. The conception of contraband first began to take shape in the sixteenth century, when it became the practice for belligerents to specify certain goods which neutrals were prohibited from supplying to the enemy. The proper scope of such prohibitions was one of the main questions discussed by Grotius, who, writing in 1625, was the first to mark off free goods from contraband and absolute contraband from *res usus ancipitis*, which could only be treated as contraband under certain conditions. In the case of contraband the test was, not the ownership of the goods, but their character and destination. The test of destination alone emerged still later. It was not until the seventeenth century that the commercial blockade became a recognized institution, as distinct from the siege of a defended port.

The series of wars which began in the middle of the eighteenth century was rich in illustrations of the conflict between neutral and belligerent rights. During the Seven Years' War, Great Britain prohibited neutrals from carrying goods, whether contraband or not, between France and her colonies, on the ground that this trade was closed to neutrals in time of peace. This was the so-called 'Rule of 1756' — a somewhat drastic application of what has come to be known as the doctrine of unneutral service. Breaches of this

[1] From the *Nation and Athenæum* (London Liberal literary and political weekly), *December* 31

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Rule were visited by the condemnation both of the offending ships and of their cargoes. Neutrals attempted to evade the Rule by calling en route at a neutral port. The British Prize Courts replied by looking beyond the port of call, even where there was transshipment, to the final destination of the goods, thus introducing the doctrine of continuous voyage, which was soon afterward extended to cases of contraband running and breach of blockade. In the wars of the American and French Revolutions, and in the final struggle with Napoleon, Great Britain used her sea power to the furthest limit in her efforts to annihilate the enemy's trade. The culminating point was reached in 1807, when, in retaliation for Napoleon's Berlin decree, prohibiting trade between Great Britain and the Continent, a British Order in Council declared a blockade of France and of all states which excluded the British flag from their ports. Great Britain's assertion of her belligerent rights, as she construed them, at the expense of neutral trade and shipping ranged against her the Armed Neutralities of 1780 and 1800, and involved her in 1812 in war with the United States. But though she made some minor and temporary concessions, on the main questions at issue she stood firm. She emerged in 1815 still refusing to recognize that the neutral flag covered enemy goods, that commercial blockades were illegitimate, or that a blockade, to be effective, must be maintained by stationary ships as distinct from cruisers.

Of these three questions, those relating to blockade were, by implication at least, decided in favor of Great Britain by the Declaration of Paris, which formed part of the peace settlement of 1856. Article 4 of the Declaration, while ruling out paper blockades, laid it down that a blockade was effective, and therefore binding, if it was '*maintenu par une force suffisante pour interdire réellement l'accès du littoral de l'ennemi.*' Article 2 exempted from capture neutral goods — other than contraband — on enemy ships, thus condemning a practice which, while followed by France, had been consistently rejected by Great Britain. On the other hand, by Article 3 Great Britain, in her turn, renounced the right to capture enemy goods on neutral ships and accepted at long last the doctrine of 'free ships, free goods.' The question is sometimes asked — it was asked in the House of Lords only a few weeks ago — why Great Britain ever consented to this derogation from her belligerent rights. As is clearly shown by State papers recently brought to light by Mr. H. W. Malkin, the main answer is to be found in Article 1 of the Declaration, which tersely states that '*la Course* (*privateering*) *est et demeure abolie.*' It was primarily because the Declaration of Paris abolished privateering that it was regarded as unacceptable by the United States. The American Government, in its Note of July 28, 1856, declared that privateering, as the weapon of the weaker naval Powers, was essential to the freedom of the seas, and refused to entertain its abandonment, except in return for the total exemption from capture of enemy as well as neutral private property. The United States had always stood for the immunity of private property, but as a belligerent in the Civil War the Federal Government showed no marked tenderness for neutrals and in its blockade of the Confederate coast applied the doctrine of continuous voyage with a vigor which established new precedents.

The next important stage in the development of maritime law is marked by the Second Hague Conference in 1907. By this time Great Britain was

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prepared, in the interests of neutrals, to go so far as to advocate the total abolition of contraband. On July 24, 1907, Lord Reay, speaking for the British delegation, declared the British view to be that 'contraband could be abolished and neutral commerce restored to the freedom which it requires.' In that case, enemy ships and enemy goods in enemy ships would, of course, remain liable to capture, but neutral goods and shipping would be entirely exempt from interference, except under the rules of blockade. Lord Reay expressly stated that 'continuous voyage depends solely upon the status of contraband. By abolishing the one you abolish the other.' It followed that the doctrine of continuous voyage was assumed to be inapplicable to blockade.

These and cognate questions were eventually left to be more closely examined by a Naval Conference, which met in London in 1908. The outcome of the Conference was the Declaration of London, which was signed on February 26, 1909. In the light of subsequent events, it is interesting to note that the main objection of the London Chamber of Commerce and other serious critics, both in and out of Parliament, was not so much that the Declaration would hamper Great Britain in exercising pressure on the enemy as that it would prejudice the security of her own overseas supplies, including in particular supplies shipped or carried by neutrals. Whatever force there may have been in such criticisms, the tendency of the Declaration was, in some important respects, to mitigate the rigor of naval warfare in favor of neutral trade. With regard to blockade, the Declaration laid it down that 'the blockading force must not bar access to neutral ports,' and ruled out continuous voyage by providing that, 'whatever the ultimate destination of a vessel or her cargo, she cannot be captured for breach of blockade if, at the moment, she is on her way to a nonblockaded port.' Contraband was not abolished, as Great Britain had proposed at The Hague, but the Declaration confined absolute contraband to a short list of goods of a purely warlike character, made the doctrine of continuous voyage inapplicable to conditional as distinct from absolute contraband, and set forth a free list comprising, *inter alia*, cotton, wool, rubber, and metallic ores.

In consequence of the rejection of the Naval Prize Bill by the House of Lords in 1911, the Declaration was not ratified by Great Britain; nor was it ratified by any other Power. At the outbreak of war in 1914, it was adopted, with some modifications, by Great Britain and her Allies, but, as the situation developed, its provisions gradually went by the board, and Great Britain formally discarded it by the Maritime Rights Order in Council of July 1916. The first departures from the Declaration were in respect of the law of contraband. At an early stage of the war, the doctrine of continuous voyage was applied to conditional as well as absolute contraband, and the contraband list was extended to include goods, such as cotton, which the Declaration expressly made free. But the whole question of contraband was relatively unimportant. The main pressure on Germany was exerted under the name of blockade, and the distinctive feature of the blockade was the rigorous application of the doctrine of continuous voyage. What this meant in practice was that neutral ships were compulsorily diverted to British ports for examination, and their cargoes, no matter to whom consigned, were seized if there was reason to believe that they were eventually destined to be forwarded, whether by sea or land, to enemy territory. The British Order in Council of March 11, 1915, which in-

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stituted this system, was originally described as a measure of retaliation, and it is mainly on this ground that the blockade is defended in the British Note to the United States of April 24, 1916. The German submarine blockade of Great Britain bore no relation to any known rule of international law, and did not, indeed, claim any theoretical justification otherwise than as a reprisal for alleged breaches of international law on the part of Great Britain. It may, therefore, be doubted whether the blockades of 1914–18 can be regarded as having represented at the time, even in the view of the belligerents, a normal exercise of sea power.

Be that as it may, the British standpoint at the close of the war was very different from what it had been in 1907, when the British delegation at The Hague suggested sweeping reforms in the interests of neutrals; or in 1915, when Sir William Tyrrell is reported to have told Colonel House that 'if an agreement should be made between all Powers to establish rules governing future warfare, Great Britain would consent to the absolute freedom of merchantmen of all nations to sail the seas unmolested.' On the eve of the Armistice, the Allies, referring to the second of President Wilson's Fourteen Points, expressly stated that on the subject of the freedom of the seas 'they must reserve to themselves complete freedom when they enter the Peace Conference' — a declaration on which some light was thrown by M. Clemenceau in his speech in the French Chamber on December 29, 1918: —

> There has been a reservation with regard to the freedom of the seas. Mr. Lloyd George said to me one day, 'Do you admit that without the British Fleet you could not have continued the war?' I answered, 'Yes.' 'Would you be inclined to do anything which, under similar circumstances, would make it impossible for us to do the same again?' I answered, 'No.' Would you have liked me not to say to President Wilson, 'I will not be ungrateful to England?' And Mr. Wilson answered me: 'I approve of what you have said; each will preserve his own freedom.'

Writing in the British Year-Book of International Law with the authority of one of the legal advisers to the Foreign Office, Mr. H. W. Malkin has suggested that 'the extent of a belligerent's right to interfere with sea-borne commerce is conditioned by the extent of her command of the sea.' This is presumably the official view.

Readers of Professor Seymour's *Intimate Papers of Colonel House* will remember that

> House always impressed upon his British friends that only one danger could ever threaten Anglo-American relations. . . . To meet it, House had suggested the principle of the freedom of the seas — the inviolability of merchant shipping in time of war. . . . Until some such reform was introduced, there would always be a cloud on the horizon of Anglo-American relations.

It is not fanciful to suppose that this was the cloud which overhung the Three-Power Conference at Geneva.

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ALBANIA AND ITS PEOPLE[1]

BY SIR RENNELL RODD

FEW countries are less known than Albania, and even the all-penetrating British traveler has as yet little idea of the charm or the potentialities of an ancient land which has remained many centuries behind the least developed of other Balkan states. The comparatively few who have skirted its inhospitable coast and have seen the seaward face of the sheer Acroceraunian mountains might well assume that it offers little to tempt them to break a journey to Greece. Durazzo, it is true, recalls classical associations as the landing place for Roman citizens who contemplated a long overland journey to Greece. But even the yachtsman who cruises in the inconstant Adriatic will probably avoid the open roadstead with its uncomfortable shoals. S. Giovanni di Medua has only limited accommodation for small vessels. Santa Quaranta, to the south, has nothing to recommend it, though it is the starting point of a well-engineered road to Saloniki; and Butrinto Bay, just below the Corfu channel, a good anchorage though with rapidly shoaling water, has no facilities or resources except as the gateway to a paradise for sportsmen. The only shelter along the Albanian coast worthy of consideration is at Valona, and even there the bay is wide and subject to squalls from the mountains, so that it is only at Port Dukati, at the head of a gulf nine miles deep, that vessels can lie comfortably in all winds.

[1] From the *Daily Telegraph* (London Independent-Conservative daily), *December* 18, 19

There were few practicable roads in Albania before the Great War, which was responsible for the completion of the highway from Santa Quaranta to Saloniki. The Italian occupation of Valona led to an improvement of communications in its neighborhood, and the Austrians, who advanced as far as the River Vojuca, did a good deal of road making, and constructed a Decauville line to carry supplies to their forces, which has now fallen out of use. The inhabitants have always been satisfied with the roughest of tracks and with the conveyance of their carts across considerable rivers on flying bridges of pontoons, which bring up approximately along rough landing-stages, serving their purpose adequately enough, in spite of their makeshitf appearance. Now that quite a number of motor cars have found their way into Albania, the drivers, who seem pretty competent, do not hesitate to speed them across country over ground which, marshy in winter, dries in summer like plough land, taking causeways and bog-holes covered with a few loose tree-trunks with an easy recklessness somewhat disconcerting on first experience.

In June we were lying off Valona in the ketch Ino, on our return from a cruise to Greece and the Ionian Islands. Being anxious to see as much as possible of the interior of Albania and to pay a visit to connections at the new capital, Tirana, my wife and I accepted with enthusiasm the courteous suggestion of the manager of the

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Anglo-Persian Oil Company's establishment that we should accompany him thither by what is regarded as a short cut available in summer, instead of following the usual road, some twenty-five kilometres longer. The nominal duration of the drive was said to be five hours. But neither by the 'short cut' nor on the road by which we returned did we succeed in negotiating it in less than six.

Between the Gulf of Valona, ringed round with mountains, except to the northwest, and the Gulf of Durazzo there extends a great plain, level except for certain promontories of low, undulating hills which project into it. Three rivers of considerable volume in flood time, the Vojuca, the Semene, and the Skumbi, of which the first is the widest and strongest-flowing, traverse it on their way to the sea, inundating wide areas in the winter. The plain includes some four hundred square miles of land eminently suitable for cotton, portions of which have been tested with promising results, while sections have in the past produced excellent crops of rice.

A great part of this extensive plain is State domain. The remainder is in the hands of the so-called beys, the old territorial aristocracy of Albania, who seem to have encroached quite arbitrarily on the State lands by the easy process, tolerated under the old unsystematic Turkish régime, of continually moving boundary marks outward. They lease their great estates to the peasantry, who are still much in the position of rayahs in Turkey, to cultivate on a sort of métayer basis, under which the owner of the land generally receives a third of the produce, or as much of that third as collector and agents deliver. The peasants have also grazing rights over a proportion of the pasture lands.

The beys are for the most part wealthy, with few wants or ambitions to stimulate personal attention to their property, and many conservative prejudices. I was, for instance, told that a son of one of these dominant families, who had traveled and studied modern methods of agriculture, returned with a motor tractor, and, finding no one on the spot who was able to manage it, proceeded to drive it himself. He was informed by his family that he was at liberty to take his tractor to any other part of the country and do what he chose with it, but that it was quite out of the question that a son of the family should be seen driving a farming implement on the ancestral estates.

Not only do the majority of the great owners appear to live themselves without any occupation or interest, even in sport, but their attitude is, it would appear, sometimes actually destructive to development. I was informed, for instance, that they have now prohibited the cultivation of rice, because it was enriching the peasantry to a degree which they regarded as prospectively dangerous. They have severally all they require for themselves, and are too ignorant of other possibilities to be tempted to emerge from a traditional inertia.

Only a portion of the land we traversed that day was under cultivation. The crops of maize, wheat, and barley appeared to be far richer than would be anticipated from the primitive agricultural methods prevailing and the superficial turning of the soil with the ancestral wooden plough, which has hardly improved on the model of two thousand years ago. In many parts it was well wooded, and there were many varieties of tree. Occasionally we came upon areas covered with bracken like a Surrey common. The olive flourishes exceedingly, especially in Northern Albania, and yet no oil-crushing seems to be done, and the crop, averaging

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4500 tons a year, is all transported to Italy to be dealt with there. There is much valuable forest, but hitherto the hard woods of the mountains have not been exploited, owing to the lack of communications. Bird life was greatly in evidence. The Albanian does not pursue the wild things of nature, so that his country remains something of a sanctuary. There were almost too many swallows for the relatively few telegraph wires. Magpies were in undue proportion, and great flocks of cranes haunted the fringes of the marshland. Woodcock assemble there in the winter, and snipe are abundant; wild boar and deer may be found in certain provinces, and in the neighborhood of Valona there are two excellent trout streams.

The country is sparsely inhabited; indeed, the whole population is believed not to exceed eight hundred thousand. It would easily support double that number. Malaria is very prevalent in the plain, and infant mortality attains to a figure which would startle a Western European statistician. Perhaps owing to the greater care bestowed upon the nurture of boys with a utilitarian object, the males largely exceed the females. The people are physically sympathetic. In the south and centre a fair type seems to predominate. The faces are for the most part of a grave and serious cast, with good features, open, frank, and quite friendly. In the south, where the Moslem religion — or it might be more accurate to say tradition — prevails, the women are generally veiled, and those of the easier classes are little seen abroad.

All the men wear the national dress, of home-woven material; white, as a rule, with a red belt or loin cloth, and trousers sometimes elaborately braided, loose round the hips and thighs, but tight toward the ankles, which in festival attire are encased in embroidered anklets. The well-to-do take a pride in richly ornamented waistcoats or sleeveless jackets. All wear a close-fitting felt cap, white or black, the former being characteristic of the hill-men, the latter of those of the plains. In the summer a colored handkerchief gives the head additional protection.

After an hour or more, during which we first skirted the lagoon of Valona, and then drove through lands occasionally cultivated but more generally abandoned to rough pasture or the caprices of an opulent Nature, we reached the wide and, even at this season, strong-flowing Vojuca River, fairly low within its bed. The flying bridge had been out of action for some forty-eight hours until just before our arrival, and a very large number of carts had been waiting to cross, with their owners camping round them for two days on the farther side. On our side we were fortunate in being without competitors, and traversed the river on the rough platform with little delay. The ferry had been farmed out by the State, and the bey who had secured the concession was evidently more concerned with its financial exploitation than with the upkeep of material or the nice adjustment of pontoon to landing stage.

About half an hour farther on we reached the station or village of Fieri, a name derived from the fairs or markets held there, bowered in trees below one of the lateral promontories of hill. All the land in this region belongs to the family of Omer Vrioni, whose name will be remembered in connection with the earlier days of the Greek war of independence and Ali Pasha of Janina. His grandson, aged ninety-five, is still alive. Here the Anglo-Persian Oil Company has a district office, as it forms a convenient centre for the experimental area in which it is working. A French and an Italian

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company have similar concession areas in other parts of Albania.

Fieri was the only station of importance which we passed until we approached the Gulf of Durazzo and left behind the country of the Tosk Albanians to enter that of the Ghegs. Smaller tribal divisions are included in one or the other of these two main sections of the Skipetar people, between which there is keen rivalry and a considerable difference in language. Tribal antagonism would, indeed, seem to be stronger than religious in Albania, for I understand that marriages between Moslem and Christian are not uncommon.

It was certainly a land of flocks and herds. The Albanians are a meat-eating population. Among the great herds we encountered, many of the beasts — more than half, perhaps — were wretchedly undersized, showing that nothing is done to improve or standardize the stock. There were also great numbers of gray-black water buffaloes, which are used for draught. Their instinct to rush into pools and rivers, and to lie down with only their heads above water, makes them difficult to manage for transport.

Our drive across the plain was, I think, the roughest I have ever experienced in a motor car, along winding tracks with deep ruts, to which the wheels only approximately corresponded, over crazy improvised bridges, through minor streams, and over marshy hollows, where a few saplings thrown across kept us from sinking too deeply. But it was beautiful country, with intense verdure sustained by the underlying water. A land company which would take over the development of the ample State domain, cut proper drains and irrigation channels, introduce new seed and agricultural machinery, should be able to turn this almost virgin soil to good account. A very moderate amount of capital and some efficient driving-power could make Albania a prosperous and happy little country. There are possibilities of unexplored mineral wealth. Copper, iron, and chrome exist. There is undoubtedly oil, though in how great abundance remains yet to be ascertained, and there is coal of a somewhat lignitic character.

But communications are at present wanting to make these resources available, and there is very little money with which to develop them. The State revenue is returned at about £800,000. It is probably the only European country without a single railway. A portion of an Italian development loan of two millions is to be devoted to the construction of a line between Durazzo and Tirana, a distance of some five-and-twenty miles. Tirana, until recently only a village, has been, no doubt wisely, for geographical and political reasons, selected as the capital, and national pride demands its connection with the sea by rail. This is, however, the only apparent reason for spending money on railway communications in this quarter.

How isolated from one another the various centres still remain is demonstrated by the variation of the currency in different places. The gold twenty-franc piece, or Napoleon, constitutes the generally recognized standard, though the English sovereign as equal to twenty-five gold francs is equally popular. Incidentally, another unique characteristic of Albania is that it remains the only country in Europe where gold coins are still actually in use. A paper currency, with nickel tokens for the smaller values, has been introduced, and one hundred leks are the equivalent of the Napoleon. The paper and nickel are the medium of exchange at Valona, but they are not accepted in the market or the shops at

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Tirana, where the old Austrian krone is still in universal use. Fifty of these go to the Napoleon, and as they are silver the coins may well be worth more than their market value of fourpence. Most of those which I handled were Serbian. There is at present a great deficiency of small change in the country, and the lek will no doubt before long be accepted everywhere.

Several miles before we reached the Gulf of Durazzo we rejoined the road, a tolerable highway, but on approaching the sea our driver elected to leave it again for the beach of hard sand which skirts the gulf, and this gave us a pleasant respite from the game of human cup and ball which had been played with our vile bodies. Durazzo itself offers little to detain the traveler, though it is picturesquely dominated by the old citadel. The best houses there, which had been set apart for the residence of the Prince of Wied, were destroyed by his orders when he hurriedly left Albania. The motive for such a wanton act is difficult to understand. Their ruins remain the only and characteristic memorial of his ephemeral reign. Darkness was falling as we turned back into the road, from here a very fair one, which took us over forty kilometres to Tirana, where we were the guests of some connections in the State service, with which a few advisers from other countries are associated.

Conditions at Tirana, which is still rather a ground plan than a town, are very primitive. Comfortable folk at home can hardly realize the difficulty of conducting even a modest establishment in a land where there are no skilled craftsmen, where a carpenter is hardly ever a joiner, and where the art of the plumber is unknown. The members of the diplomatic staff, which, with the exception of the British and Italian representatives, has moved up from Durazzo, find the absence of all they have been accustomed to somewhat trying. The railway will, no doubt, do much to remedy these disabilities. Meanwhile, on the initiative of a British adviser, a tennis club has been organized, which provides a common meeting ground. There is a tolerable hotel, and another is in process of completion. The majority of the houses are built of sun-dried bricks.

In a Europe which is rapidly being reduced to a dull external uniformity by the monotonous apparel of the slop-shop, there are few places left which can present a more attractive picture than Tirana on a market day, when the country people assemble in the open area in the centre of the town. Their stock-in-trade is, in summer at any rate, mostly laid out on the ground. The native hardware has forms which have evidently altered little since ancient days. The home-woven materials, mats and embroideries, stained with vegetable dyes and showing an unerring instinct of color, gossamer laces, veils, and shawls, which look too fragile for use, with a few old dresses or jackets, gold-braided and too costly now for common wear, are appraised or cheapened by the women who sit beside them under improvised awnings. A few have stalls and cotton umbrellas. Piles of melons, cucumbers, and lemons diversify the note of color. The scene is set against a picturesque background of mosques and minarets. There is a low hum of talk among the many groups, no wrangling or shouting, and never a strident voice. The people are calm and dignified, and seem to carry with them the spirit of a long tradition informed by unchanging centuries. After a series of sirocco days the heat was intense, but the picture was so full of charm that we scarcely realized it until we had returned to the shade of a roof.

The mountainous regions of Albania and the extensive forests in the Miridite

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country can only be visited by those who have ample time to ride at leisure through a land less known than any other in Europe. It would be necessary to secure a competent guide and interpreter before venturing into byways where an Englishman is, however, sure of a friendly reception as a member of a nation which is believed to be disinterested, and in whose sense of equity there is a touching faith. The British have a good record in Albania, where the names of Miss Durham, General Philips, Sir T. Eyres, and of Aubrey Herbert are gratefully remembered. The many friends of that chivalrous knight adventurous rejoice that his memory is kept green there by the efforts of his mother, the Dowager Countess of Carnarvon, to improve the lot of the people by introducing nurses and stimulating a campaign against malaria. That devastating scourge must be taken in hand on an extensive scale if any real progress is to be made in the country, and until education has opened the eyes of the younger generation of this primitive people it seems almost hopeless to convince them that the evil is to a great extent remediable, or to move them out of the groove of life which has perhaps governed their existence since the time of the ancient Illyrians.

It is easy to appreciate what Albania needs. But to find the mode of grappling with the inertia of centuries under the circumstances in which this little country is placed presents a baffling problem. A benevolent autocrat with ample means would have no difficulty in making it prosperous. But the means cannot be available without development, and under present conditions there can be no development until a corruption endemic after centuries of misgovernment has been extinguished. Can the vicious circle be broken? Albania appears at the present time to be directed by a strong and very well-intentioned President, who has on his side youth, courage, and the support if necessary of powerful clansmen. But one of the difficulties with which he is faced is how to select trustworthy elements to coöperate in administration among the primates of a primitive people who have no traditions but those of the unsystematic and corrupt Turkish administration to elevate ideals or stimulate a sense of public duty. Qualified assistants can only, under existing conditions, be found elsewhere, and the best hope for Albania would be that every department should for a term of years be handed over to competent foreign direction entrusted with wide powers. To secure such administrative officers would, however, entail an expenditure on salaries which, though in the end it would become remunerative, the country cannot at present afford. Great discretion would, moreover, have to be exercised in the selection of personnel, if it was not to arouse protests in neighbor states with regard to whose attitude Albania remains in a state of chronic uneasiness.

Apart, however, from such more ambitious schemes, there would probably be good prospects for a small but enterprising commercial company which would instruct, supervise, and finance Albanian business houses which now yield poor profits owing to lack of experience and want of capital. Such British enterprise would be welcomed. To those who argue that the uncertainty of the political outlook is discouraging to investment it may be replied that in none of the past revolutions has there been any interference with foreigners and their business.

Albania, as now constituted, is a result of the Great War and of the ensuing settlement, and as such the country would seem to be entitled to count on the sympathetic interest of the

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Powers and the assurance of a brighter future. Time is gradually extenuating some of the old barbarous unwritten laws and the inexorable tradition of ancient family feuds. Emigration to America has been fertile in instilling new ideas. Security, education, especially technical, with an efficient medical school, improved communications, and a moderate amount of capital to be devoted to development and rigorously administered by capable advisers, are all that are needed to make it a prosperous country and to give its opportunity to a people that has been left behind by the march of progress in a backwater from which it can hardly emerge without benevolent assistance. Italy has, indeed, provided a loan, but much more capital would be required to give Albania a fair chance. Might not a solution be found in a development loan promoted by the League of Nations, guaranteed on the State domains, which would be handed over to an expert commission approved by the League to administer for a term of years?

BRITAIN'S INDUSTRIAL SITUATION[1]

A 'ROUND TABLE' CORRESPONDENT

NOTHING is more striking in the innumerable public pronouncements on our industrial position and prospects than the fact that no two authorities appear to hold even approximately the same view. They range from boisterous optimism to a gloom black as Egypt's night. No doubt experts will always differ, particularly if they are amateurs. Opinions, too, even on economic questions, are often influenced by irrelevant emotions. It is natural that a government should see nothing but good in the achievements and tendencies of its term of office, however trivial, insignificant, or disastrous its own contribution toward them may have been. It is inevitable that an Opposition should be harshly critical, mouthing its prodigious prophecies of a golden age to come. Reasonable beings make allowance for such human weaknesses. But no amount of correction of this kind for errors in the recording instrument will produce a statement which could be taken as broadly authoritative. Nor is the difficulty confined to Great Britain, even though in our case the future may appear to be more uncertain. In fact, it is only necessary to glance through the articles from foreign correspondents in a review such as the *Economist* to realize that the position of many of our principal competitors is felt in their own countries to be almost as obscure as our own. There are croakers even in America. German reconstruction can point to many brilliant achievements which have not suffered from inadequate advertisement; but it has also encountered formidable difficulties, and the process of recreating the capital resources of the country has set in motion forces that are still imperfectly understood. The financial and eco-

[1] From the *Round Table* (London Liberal Imperial quarterly), *December*

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nomic future remains to a great extent conjectural. If we ask whether the financial recovery of France is in a fair way to being assured or whether the industrial expansion of recent years rests on a stable foundation, it would be rash to expect a decisive or unanimous answer.

There are times when it is safe to assume that, if doctors disagree, the reason lies less in their ignorance than in the obscurity of the symptoms. No one is likely to dispute the assertion that economic and industrial conditions have been exceptionally difficult since the war. We are dealing with problems of extraordinary complexity and novelty. The war threw the entire machinery of international trade out of gear, and, what was far more serious, it introduced into commercial questions a factor which for generations had for all practical purposes been inactive — the nightmare of exchange fluctuations. It is commonly believed that there are at least a dozen persons in the world who understand all the moods and vagaries of a currency, but the man in the street sometimes wonders how far even they are charlatans. The manufacturer exhausts himself in the effort to make an article and sell it in competition with a foreigner whose costs are no more comparable with his own than Magyar is with Russian, and for this very reason — that a franc is no longer a franc, but whatever thinking makes it. It is fair to ask whether, amid so much shifting sand, there is any firm ground; on what premises industry is to contrive its own reorganization; whether governments have any rôle to play. And, if these questions can be answered, how far the tendencies of the day accord with its needs, as the answer seems to reveal them.

The first premise might well be that we are living in a new world. We continue to make comparisons with the prices and standards and conditions of the years immediately before the war. We might with advantage substitute a comparison with the years before the Flood. Look for a moment at the changes which a few years have brought. There is the rise of the United States to heights from which it dominates the financial structure of every other nation. We have seen the map of Europe torn up and remade on principles which, however admirable, took no account of trade or commerce. Economic units, which were the laborious growth of generations, have been destroyed, and in their place we have a number of small states seeking to shelter behind their tariff walls industries planned on the imperial scale of other days. Even in the British Commonwealth, the Dominions, which in 1914 were still in the main consumers of imported goods, have become producers in their own right. Germany has been broken in war and bankrupt in peace, and has survived both disasters. France has made great, and on the whole successful, efforts to develop her resources and extend her industrial growth in every direction.

From every other aspect the novel features of to-day are impressed on us. The industrial countries command a far more complete and perfect equipment for production than ever before. Mechanization is universal, electric power ubiquitous. The inventive genius of man has never reaped so rich a harvest as in recent years. We have seen unimagined improvements in means of communication, the rise of the age of oil, the discovery of a new staple fabric in artificial silk. On all sides there is change — more rapid and far-reaching, perhaps, than ever before. In such a world it is idle to judge economic problems by the standards of 1914 or of any other year from an

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earlier epoch. When our environment changes almost beyond recognition, it is time for us to think of changing our ideas.

No remedy for our industrial troubles has been more widely canvassed or more bitterly disputed than protection, but it would hardly be unfair to say that the controversy over protection is still conducted on antediluvian principles. Liberals are still free traders for the quite inadequate reason that they were free traders in 1906. Conservatives are still in the main protectionists because they see no reason to modify views they have long held. There are glimmerings of doubt in Labor, but hardly more. No comprehensive attempt has yet been made to think out a fiscal policy in terms, not of Cobden or Chamberlain, but of this post-war world. Instead, the battle has been waged round the absurdities of safeguarding — which, if sound, should be applied, not to gloves and press-buttons, but to the steel or woolen trades; and, if unsound, is not worth discussing. The unreality of the old arguments is at once apparent if they are put to a critical analysis. We have been told for a generation that our strong suit is quality — our products are unrivaled in the world's markets, we can afford higher costs because we can obtain on our merits higher prices, and so on. What are the facts? Modern methods of production have tended everywhere to subordinate quality to quantity, or, in other words, to cheapness and to standardization. Concurrently with this process the power to manufacture the special product, the command of fine workmanship, is being universalized. There is no more delicate product of engineering skill than the Diesel engine. It is significant of our new world that every maker of the Diesel engine in Great Britain is or has been a licensee of a foreign firm.

On all grounds there is in our view everything to be said in favor of a full inquiry into the present case for or against a general protective tariff. Any such inquiry would naturally embrace the fiscal relations of this country with the Dominions, and would thus examine whether free trade within the Empire is desirable and to what extent it is practicable. It would also, of course, take into account the report of the recent World Economic Conference, and any action that may be taken upon it by foreign countries. The suggestion of an investigation of this kind may be met with mingled scorn and derision. Commissions have been for so long the inevitable refuge of any government in a difficulty that they have become the butt of every humorist in the land. It will be said that protection is frankly a party question, and that any commission will be certain to divide on party lines. But if we are so hidebound in our prejudices as to be incapable of an impartial view on a matter not of political principle but of practical economic expediency, the prospects of the industrial future are clearly deplorable. Not only protection, but every other major industrial problem, — the relations of labor and capital, or the grouping of industries in larger units, — will defy solution for just so long as prejudice or tradition has a deciding voice. The orthodox free-trader will object to an inquiry on other grounds. He is mastered not by prejudice but by faith, and so long as with the blasts of his trumpet he can dislodge a few courses from those walls of Jericho which encircle our neighbors he regards it as a crime to proclaim a truce. Possibly by the side of these serene and undoubting Crusaders there may be found not a few of those 'wistful agnostics' whom Bishop Barnes has made famous in another sphere. Not being convinced either that free trade in the long run is

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a tenable policy or that protection is a safe one, they ask only that men wiser than themselves should make a fresh survey of the ground and build up for them some reasoned foundations of belief.

If we turn to another aspect of our problems, the relations between industry and finance will well repay examination. It has long been fashionable in certain circles to decry the City. For years before the war the pessimist or the xenophobe regaled us with his diatribes against the inhuman financiers, who were eager to finance the industry of every country but their own. We were urged to remodel our banking system and copy the methods of Germany or Belgium. The City was pressed to insist that the proceeds of every foreign loan should be spent, so far as they could be spent outside the borrowing country, with the manufacturers of Great Britain. The City did nothing of the kind, but continued on its course, faithful to its traditions. In those days the indictment failed, because the City did in fact by its own methods, which were not and could not be expected to be German methods, find whatever capital was necessary for new enterprises worthy of support.

It is doubtful whether a candid observer could give the same certificate to-day. General investment conditions in recent years have encouraged playing for safety. With the credit of the German State on a 6½ or even a 7 per cent basis and that of almost every other foreign government outside the United States inflated proportionally, the investor has wallowed in what he was led to believe were gilt-edged securities. Ordinary shares have been taboo unless their speculative attractions were overwhelming. We have now reached a point when it is probably easier to obtain capital by a share issue for a venture which is undeniably a gamble (provided only that the odds can be obscured) than for a new public utility which on every precedent will return a steady 10 per cent to anyone who is prepared to wait three years. This is not on the face of it a healthy condition. It is disastrous for industry and demoralizing for the City, since it favors the unscrupulous issuing house, which asks of a prospectus only that it should not be palpably fraudulent, against the concern with a reputation to lose.

It was to counteract these conditions and to facilitate the financing of construction enterprises that the Coalition Government, in a moment of imaginative courage, devised the Trade Facilities Act and the principle of a government guaranty of loan capital. This, like other excursions of the State in the promotion of remunerative development, did not long survive the persistent pressure of the traditionalists. The political thought of the moment prefers to limit the functions of the State to the routine of administration, with the signing of blank cheques for what are euphemistically called social services. The Act expired, unhonored and unsung, but it deserves an epitaph. As in every other experiment, those who were responsible for directing its application had to discover pitfalls for themselves, and learned how to avoid them, and it is unfortunate that the experiment was not allowed to continue for long after an appropriate technique had been perfected. Only those who had practical experience of its utility are in a position to appreciate the difficulties which have been placed in the way of constructive enterprise through its abrogation. Parliament, with characteristic cynicism, again boxed the compass when, six months after applauding the Chancellor's announcement that the Trade Facilities Act would not be renewed, it authorized

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the Treasury to guarantee loan issues of the new Central Electricity Board to the amount of thirty-three and one-half million pounds.

It is not our intention in this brief review to suggest how industry and finance can be brought closer together, or to consider whether the State can legitimately make any further contribution to that end. The purpose of these paragraphs is a more modest one. It is to give reasons for thinking that there is a lack of coördination, and that finance does not in fact to-day supplement and promote industrial development as in practice it was able to do before the war. The conditions which have brought about this change have created a new problem for the specialist, and there are no clear signs of any serious effort to solve it.

In the relations between capital and labor the omens are more hopeful. For years past those relations have been the despair of every reasonable person. We appeared to have drifted into a cycle of embittered disputes. Falling prices with a series of lockouts followed rising prices with a series of strikes. Every trade-union and every association of employers seemed lost in the narrowest conception of its immediate sectional interests. A national, or even an industrial, point of view was excluded. The extremist on both sides was in the ascendant, and, with whatever misgivings, the masses felt powerless to do anything but follow his lead. There is every reason to believe that since the General Strike the plain man has come more and more into his own. In such gatherings as the Trades-Union Congress the extremists have been jettisoned. Responsible leaders have discarded heroics and have given rein to their native common sense. Representative unions have discovered a common interest with employers in the problems of their industries, and have shown their willingness to discuss those problems with an open mind. On these lines there is hope for the future. Nothing is more likely to enforce a general recognition of the fundamental novelty of our present industrial problems, nothing can do more to break down old party divisions on economic questions, than the steady application, industry by industry, of the calm and constructive thought of all those engaged in it to its difficulties.

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A CONTEMPORARY WORLD PICTURE[1]

BY COLIN ROSS

OUR world picture before the war, which we thought so clear and accurate, was purely European. Our faith in the infinite superiority of the white man and his civilization, in the blessing that the extension of his civilization to all peoples signified, and in the continuity and infallibility of progress, was a mighty moral force. It accounted not only for the rapid political and economic rise of Europe and white America, but for the weakening of the initiative and resistance of the colored races, so that they accepted white domination as their irrevocable destiny.

To-day this faith has vanished. The Americans have retained, to be sure, their own version of it, which identifies the grandeur of the United States with the salvation of the universe, but Europeans are beginning to speculate seriously upon the possible decline and fall of Western civilization. In practice they still cling to their old idea of the way the world is designed to run, but they have lost their former faith in its infallibility.

Most Europeans regard with apparent indifference such crucial developments as the Chinese revolution, the unrest in Eastern Asia, and the possible political emancipation of the blacks, as if such things really mattered naught to them. Notwithstanding the bitter lessons of the war, we are still unable to visualize certain possibilities — such as a situation where the whites are the social inferiors of the colored, or where our standard of living may sink to a coolie level. As long as we lack courage, or logical prescience, to conceive these possibilities, we cannot conceive a world picture that accords with existing facts and takes into account spiritual and social forces actually at work.

The rising tide of color will profoundly affect the history of Europe during the next century, and likewise of Australia, though not of the white race as a whole; for whites of America will hardly be touched by this tide. A large unassimilated Indian element survives in South and Central America, but the steady inflow of white immigrants from Europe and rapid race fusion will probably prevent a serious color conflict in the Western Hemisphere.

America can disregard to a great extent what happens in Asia and Africa. A world conflict between Japan and the United States is no longer within the range of probability. The relative strength of the two countries has changed so that the Island Empire will never venture to measure weapons with her mighty transpacific neighbor. Many generations must elapse before China will be powerful enough to challenge Yankee supremacy. Even then her expansion will hardly be transoceanic. The United States may lose its Far Eastern market, but it is large enough and rich enough to dispense with that.

We Europeans, however, cannot

[1] From *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Liberal daily), *December 25*

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withdraw into our own continent. In the first place, it is too small and too poor to support us. In the second place, the colored races are too close neighbors. Until our political thinkers realize what this implies we shall never have a Pan-Europa; we shall not be safe even from internecine European wars.

I believe that Pan-Europa, or some similar union of the principal European nations, will eventually come about, but I fear that it will occur only under the pressure of an overwhelming outside danger. And then it may be too late.

We must rid ourselves of our prewar idea that the colored races are our obedient inferiors, that the black man can never govern himself, that the Chinese and Hindus are constitutional pacifists. That may have been true once. At least it was admitted on all sides, and that made it true for the time being. But we must not forget that civilization changes man, just as the machine changes him. I do not mean that you can convert an Asiatic or an African into a European. But a black man or a brown man who knows and operates his own automobile soon loses his awe of the white man, and no longer thinks of him as an ethically superior being to be feared and obeyed. But when the colored man ceases to consider the white man his superior, that superiority largely ceases to exist. The world will be astonished to discover how quickly an industrialized China will dispense with European leadership and tutelage — far quicker than Japan.

I admit that from the standpoint of practical politics these questions do not affect us much at present, nor will they for some years, and possibly for some decades, to come. Just now Italian Fascism, or a threatened war between Poland and Lithuania, is of greater concern. But in the long run the rising tide of color will prove to be vastly more important. It will eventually determine, not only the organization of Europe, but also the domestic policies of every European state.

THE FUTURE OF THE WEST[1]

BY RICHARD KATZ

THE Chinese wall which immured the German intellect after 1914 has been thrown down, and the world again lies free before us — free and open to the Antipodes. This does not mean much in practice, for the average German is too poor to-day to travel for pleasure, or to emigrate. Only his thoughts can range afar. Out of the prison where it was confined by four years of fighting and eight years of universal enmity, the German mind has soared upward into the thin air of philosophical speculation about the present and future of mankind.

During most of this period our ideas were perforce too provincial to comprehend the rest of the world. Nor do we

[1] From *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Liberal daily), *December* 24

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comprehend it to-day, because we view the earth from too lofty a perspective to see its actual topography. During the war we constantly deceived ourselves as to the military power and the public opinion of other countries. In 1915 we imagined the Mohammedans of the whole world would rally fanatically to the green banners of the Caliph against England. We fancied that India would mutiny, and that Asia would rise against her colonial oppressors. To-day we spin equally fantastic theories about a future war of the colored races against the whites, the fall of Western civilization, and the subjugation of Europe by Asia.

England's empire was not built on visionary hypotheses like these. It evolved planlessly in response to temporary exigencies. A shrewd describer of Britain's world power characterizes it as the product of muddling. No far-laid plan, but immediate need of gold, made Britain seize the Transvaal. She colonized Australia because she wanted a place to which to ship her criminals and paupers. Practical considerations like these still determine England's national policies. A common-sense knowledge of men makes her yield to the pressure of Chinese Nationalists; the same intuitive understanding makes her resist Egyptian Nationalists. A Britisher manages his politics as he does his business — on a common-sense basis. He employs matter-of-fact justice, sly trickery, or brute force, according to which best serves his immediate purpose. He chooses the method that gives the best result.

Since England regards Germany as a dangerous competitor, she has encouraged our visionary tendencies and has tried to divert our attention from things that really matter. Those things are not tropical colonies or territorial adjustments in Europe, except as the latter may be necessary to correct manifest mistakes in drawing our eastern border line. What Germany does need is a place where she can settle ten million Germans where they will thrive and prosper and create a market for German goods. Most of our troubles, in Germany and the rest of Europe, come from the absurd inequality with which men are distributed over the face of the earth. It is utter foolishness to intensify our agriculture until it becomes unprofitable, while millions of square miles of fertile soil outside of Europe are lying fallow. It was folly for us to covet the malaria-ridden New Guinea coasts or African deserts, capable at best of supporting no more than three or four thousand health-broken Germans, while one of the finest countries in the world, New Zealand, has only one and one-half million inhabitants, although it could support forty million. As long as Australia, which is as large as all Europe without Russia, has fewer inhabitants than London, and Canada, which rivals the United States in size and possesses vast areas of unoccupied agricultural land, has only ten million inhabitants, we need not worry about the decline and fall of the West. We must, however, assert Europe's right to the use and development of these empty but fertile and healthy regions. That might have been the most valuable function of the League of Nations. Australia, which still has only a thin rim of settlements along the coast, might become a federation of European peoples. Canada should be a great receiving reservoir for our continent's surplus population. Empty and desolate Siberia might be settled. What prospects do these possibilities open for our posterity! Is not their exploration of far more importance to the world than an adjustment of petty boundaries between Lithuania and Poland, or

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smoothing out a tangle between Albania and Yogoslavia?

The United States suffices unto itself, and will do so for many years to come. Its expansion henceforth will be mainly industrial. Already fairly well populated, it quite properly has shut its doors against a flood of newcomers. But what right has Great Britain to keep her Dominions empty? England has no farming pioneers to send to them. She has only a natural right to make them a market for her manufactures and a source of supply for the raw materials she needs. These might well be guaranteed under some arrangement by which the League of Nations would take charge of settling the vacant spaces of the Dominions. . . .

What an opportunity that would offer for Europe's industrious surplus population! Hundreds of thousands of ships carrying millions of hopeful men and women to fertile but vacant lands! International credits sufficient to supply millions of tons of steel and machinery for the development of these lands! Employment for all the automobile factories not only of America but of the whole world in providing transportation facilities for the new settlers! Cement and wood, shoes and clothing, glass and porcelain, called for in inexhaustible quantities! One hundred million Europeans at present unemployed or dragging out meagre and hopeless lives as underfed toilers and half-starved clerks, unable to buy more than enough to keep body and soul together, converted into liberal consumers by making them profitable producers! . . . Is that not a sane and hopeful possibility?

What ground is there to predict the decline and fall of Western civilization because the colored races are put out with us Europeans, and millions of coolies resent the overlording of their arrogant white masters? What is the actual sentiment of the colored peoples? The best answer was given to me by a Brahman whom I found meditating in a remote mountain nook of Rajputana. I asked him: 'What is your attitude toward England? How do you feel toward Europe?' The old man looked up at me and said: 'Europe committed suicide between 1914 and 1918, and we don't want to be governed by a corpse, that's all.'

And it was all, at least for the present. The colored races — the Indians, the Chinese, the Negroes, and the Polynesians — do not want to be governed by a corpse. But it is silly to conclude from that that they plan to overrun overpopulated and industrialized Europe, a continent whose climate and hard living conditions would make it an inferno for the average colored man. Europe is not endangered in the slightest by the emancipation movement among races of a different hue. Let the Negroes learn to mine copper, the Malays learn to raise rubber, the Japanese learn to spin cotton, and the Polynesians learn to dry copra. To-day the colored man works for less than the white man. If Europe's colonies in Africa and Asia were to become independent, and were, as they have a perfect right to do, to expel their present white rulers, what would happen? Is America contributing any less to the world because it is no longer an English colony? Does the fact that it has an independent government make cotton any dearer? I imagine that Indian cotton would cost less if India governed herself, and that our soap factories could get cheaper copra if they did not have to pay a heavy toll to white traders in the South Sea Islands.

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THOMAS HARDY

An Elegy

BY IAN COLVIN

[From the *Morning Post*]

In Westminster they lay his dust,
They lay his dust;
A nation, honoring his lyre
With dirge of organ and of quire,
Is posthumously just.

Sad irony still rules his fate,
Still rules his fate —
This pinch of Wessex marl must rest
Far from the folk that he loved best,
Imprisoned with the great.

But his dissevered heart will lie,
His heart will lie,
Beneath the daisies and the dew
And the red fruit of Mellstock yew,
Under the open sky.

And his free spirit rests not here,
It rests not here,
Stone flags and marble tombs beneath;
It homes along to Egdon Heath,
The Hintocks and Kingsbere.

'Twixt Portland Bill and Blackmoor Vale,
Wide Blackmoor Vale,
Where the heath ripples ridge on ridge,
From Melchester to Casterbridge,
Under a western gale.

On Norcombe Hill and Toller Down,
Lone Toller Down,
Where ghostly sheep-bells faintly ring
Along thin grasses whispering
To the dead leaves and brown.

The Dog Star and the Pleiades,
The Pleiades,
And Vega and Aldebaran,
Mock the aspiring soul of man
Above the naked trees.

But presently there comes the spring,
There comes the spring,
With blackthorn and wild cherry white,
With primrose and with aconite,
Dead winter to outfling.

There you shall find his spirit still,
His spirit still,
Aloof, alone, and yet not far
From others who are not, yet are,
The creatures of his skill.

From the red glow of malthouse fire,
Of malthouse fire,
Where rustics talk in Shakespeare's tongue,
As when Old England still was young,
Of ale and heart's desire.

From Angel Clare and 'Liza-Lu,
Poor 'Liza-Lu,
Who heard the Wintoncester bell
Strike eight that morn, her sister's knell,
And Tess and Clym and Gabriel,
And star-crossed Jude and Sue.

Marty and Giles and many more,
A-many more,
Who people Heath and Vale and Plain;
By marriage of his heart and brain,
His fecund spirit bore.

Master of words that drop like tears,
That drop like tears,
Or gouts of blood upon the page,
Immortal over death and age
And the oblivious years,

He lives: the larks the clouds among,
The clouds among,
And deep in Dorset's darkling dales
The moon-enchanted nightingales
Thrill with his native song.

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A DAY WITH THE DUCE[1]

BY GUY MOUNEREAU

We suppressed a laugh. 'I've got to make a list of them,' I said. 'If I don't . . .'

I was trying to enumerate the ministries of which Mussolini was personally in charge.

'We are quite sure that there are seven of them,' a pleasant functionary confided to me, 'but it's the devil of a job to recite them by memory.'

'Something like the Muses, is n't it? Try to name them. If you remember Calliope, then either Terpsichore or Thalia remains hidden in some remote corner of your brain.'

'Let's begin at the beginning. First of all, President of the Council, Secretary of War, the Navy, and Aviation — that makes four.'

'Interior.'

'Five, Interior. Corporations . . .'

'And Foreign Affairs. That makes seven.'

'The extraordinary thing is,' continued my friend, 'that Mussolini gives his personal attention every day to every one of these ministries. I might add that he also directs the National Fascist Party, which is at least the equivalent of another ministry.'

'But he has assistants?'

'Naturally. But he examines all notebooks and reports submitted to him, and then makes the final decisions, even on affairs of secondary importance. As a matter of actual practice, he does the work of seven ministers daily. Besides this, nothing escapes him. The administration of these seven posts consumes only a small part of his activity.'

'Then there's some mystery.'

'No mystery at all. Merely method.'

Ever since the world began the day has only been twenty-four hours long, and more than half of it has always been consecrated to sleep, eating, and relaxation. Does Mussolini impose his will on the fleeting minutes as he imposes it on an entire nation? What kind of sorcery does he practise to retard the hand of time itself?

'Have you seen the Duce's desk in the Chigi Palace?' asked Mussolini's assistant.

'Yes. It is very long, and quite wide. It's made of oak that has either been burned or varnished black. I've seen it — smooth, brilliant, and polished, and beautifully veined.'

'Is that all?'

'On it stood an inkstand, two penholders, two pencils, a little portfolio, and a blotter. That was all. Really almost nothing.'

'Well, then, you have the key to the mystery, and, as you call it, the key to his method.'

I did not understand.

'The day he received you you were number 15. This means that between four and seven o'clock in the afternoon fifteen people, fifteen foreigners, had conversed with him on fifteen different subjects. Fifteen subjects is underestimating it; really it was more like fifty or sixty. In the meantime his regular work — I mean the kind of work that

[1] From *L'Écho de Paris* (Clerical daily), *January* 6

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no head of a government can avoid — was being accomplished quietly and quickly. He signed documents, gave orders, talked on the telephone, wrote letters, and saw his Chigi Palace assistants. And you say there was not a thing on the table — not even a scrap of paper, not so much as a half-read pamphlet; nothing at all; really nothing. Well, that's Mussolini's strength — that there is nothing upon his table.

'There is nothing because each thing is done at its proper time, and done thoroughly. There is nothing because Mussolini has a *me-tic-u-lous* sense of order. Orderliness has become the head of our State — he is order personified, harmonious order.

'Whatever he takes up he does not abandon until it is finished; and he never attacks two things at once. Add to this a sense of order which he brings to bear on the smallest actions of his life, and a memory that shames all his assistants because it embraces the smallest details. He also possesses a prompt and sure capacity for decision, as well as that essentially journalistic quality which he learned when he was engaged in newspaper work, and which consists of going straight to the root of matters and judging their real value at once.

'Put all this together, and you have the Mussolinian method of work that allows the Duce to accomplish an enormous daily task without any apparent lassitude.'

The Viminale is a kind of immense barracks, like all the public buildings that one sees here. The Romans, who have preserved a taste for pompous names ever since ancient times, call the Viminale a *palazzo*. I do not know why I happened to note this down, for all the houses here, even the merest hovels, are *palazzi*. The Viminale, in short, is the Ministry of the Interior.

This is the place where Mussolini spends all his mornings, even on Sundays and holidays. Under his dictatorship, therefore, this building possesses exceptional importance. It is the nervous centre of the whole country. It is no great distance to this building from the Tittoni Palace, where Signor Mussolini lives in the quarters that the French Ambassador, who is to-day the President of our Senate, once occupied.

'He gets up at eight o'clock,' I was told. 'At nine o'clock he is at work. From that time until one or two a continual procession passes through Mussolini's office. First come the ministers and all the undersecretaries of State, then the heads of the departments in each ministry. Every one of these people carries documents, asks questions, receives replies, argues, and bows his way out. Suppose the head of the Press Bureau arrives. At whatever time he puts in his appearance, he is always too late, for Mussolini has read all the newspapers at home. This is an old journalistic habit. He reads the newspapers before doing anything else — before getting up, while he gets up, while he takes his bath, while he eats his breakfast, even while he sleeps. No one knows how he does it, but he has read all the newspapers, and has read them thoroughly. It is a fact.

'When the business of the day, as well as any extra business, is all attended to, the receptions begin. The Duce receives prefects; podestas; army, navy, and aviation officers; members of the directing body of the National Fascist Party; presidents of syndicates; industrialists — in a word, everyone from near or far who plays an active part in the country's life. Every morning he receives at least fifty people, keeping right at it until lunch time. Between one and two he returns to the Tittoni Palace, where he eats a frugal

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luncheon, and at three he goes to the Chigi Palace.'

The Chigi Palace is situated in the very heart of Rome, and dominates the Piazza Colonna and the Corso. It is a magnificent, sombre, seventeenth-century building, and in it are the offices of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. This is where Mussolini spends every afternoon.

'As soon as he arrives the line of visitors begins again. Audience follows audience. From all parts of the world the most favored or meritorious foreigners come and wait their turn. Americans are particularly eager to meet Mussolini, and the various embassies submit innumerable demands in behalf of their various favorites. This one is a journalist, that a senator, that a deputy, an industrialist, a farmer, or perhaps nothing at all. He will be received. They will all be received. They will all feel that Mussolini is personally interested in their ideas, and in their country.'

From three o'clock in the afternoon to nine in the evening the same procession files by every day, and the only thing that changes is the people who compose it. At nine o'clock comes dinner.

Sport is Mussolini's chief relaxation, which merely means that it is another form of activity. In fine weather, and when the tyranny of his daily work permits it, the Duce goes riding in the paths of the Villa Borghese. Accompanied by his daughter, Edda, he gallops with a tight bridle, leaps fences and ditches, and, unlike the Prince of Wales, remains in the saddle.

Automobiling is another of his relaxations. He loves to go at full speed on good roads far from the police, far from all possible assassins, in the open air, and completely free.

He drives the car himself at every speed, but always very carefully. He has had but one accident, people tell me, and that was before the war. One night, near Forlì, he crashed through a wall at top speed. The wall and the automobile were both reduced to a pitiful state, but it was the fault of the wall, which was painted white and could not be seen in the moonlight. Ever since this unfortunate conjunction of a wall, moonlight, and an automobile, the Duce has been careful not to drive too fast, and nothing serious has happened.

Another relaxation that he indulges in at home is the violin. He plays it for hours on end in the evening, either alone or with his friends. Here are a few more hasty details to add to the picture.

The Duce virtually never smokes. He does not drink alcohol. He likes to have journalists and musicians to dinner with him. He fences. He only sets foot in a museum when he is forced to do so. Five or six people have tried to assassinate him, and he will soon beat Alfonso XIII's record. He receives more letters than almost any man in the world. Every day hundreds of them arrive, chiefly from America, England, and the northern countries, as well as numerous communications from Italy. He reads every one of them.

All over the world people seem to have a mania to send him bits of verse or prose, apropos of everything or nothing, all written on splendid sheets of illuminated parchment gilded and decorated. Tons of parchment have been consumed in this way, celebrating his name. In the long run this sort of thing bores him.

People send him the most unexpected presents — lions, lionesses, animals of every kind, dozens of eagles, horses, and so forth. Recently he had to get rid of a beautiful lioness that he kept at the Tittoni Palace because she

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got too fierce. He had her put in the zoölogical garden.

Such is the daily routine of the man who holds the entire destiny of his country in his hands. Here in Italy nothing can be done without him. He has unlimited power. He has created, and is still creating from day to day, a new order of things. This order, however, he alone is strong enough to maintain, and that is unquestionably the greatest danger that menaces Fascism in the future. The saying, 'My successor is not yet born,' has been attributed to Mussolini. Reflective Italians may well fear that this successor will never be born, or will be born too late.

OUR POPULAR FOIBLE

GLIMPSES OF FOREIGN OPINION

AMERICAN MOTOR MANIA[1]

It would be interesting to find out why Americans do so much motoring. As more than twenty million cars are registered and seem to be on the roads constantly, with an average of four people in each, which is eighty million out of an entire population of more than one hundred million, there must be something in it.

But what?

It can't be the love of speed, the joy of feeling the air rush by one's face, the thrill of flight, the excitement of conquering space. Except in a few places late at night, it's physically impossible to do more than a mild thirty an hour; there are too many cars, and the roads are too narrow.

It can't be the love of beautiful scenery, of getting close to nature. Every few hundred yards there is a petrol-filling station, half a dozen colored pumps before it. Their thick feet are set in the earth, their heads are high over the motor car, and they are cut through the middle, showing pipes and tubes and such unsavory entrails, as though the operation of bisecting these unpleasant animals had never been properly finished. In connection with the stations and between them are huts carrying the sign 'Hot Dogs.'

Scenery! Where there is neither hut nor filling station there are huge hoardings covered with posters. Cigarettes are advertised (a girl kissing a man), ready cooked tinned foods (a husband kissing his pretty wife), ready-made clothing (two beautifully dressed young people kissing each other), soaps (man stopping in the act of kissing the lady to admire her complexion), ready-built homes (chaste embrace of young married couple before the architectural aberration of the local estate-man).

And so it goes.

Wherever there is a hill or a quiet valley or a road running through the fields, or something pleasant for the eye to rest on, the advertisement man has been there first and left his mark.

The New York host suggests a week-end at his country cottage and a start

[1] By Marion Balderston in the *Outlook* (London Independent weekly), *December* 24

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after early breakfast. North there are a few roads into the country with only the usual traffic congestion, East some overcrowded bridges, but South and West only the ferries. The week-end queue forms almost at dawn in the summer, growing longer and longer as day advances. What with the traffic in outlying towns, the unspeakably bad patches in most of the roads, the enormous chars-à-bancs and one thing and another, country — real country — can be reached in about time for the next meal.

There is no lack of places to eat! There are the wayside shacks with the 'Hot Dog' signs. Now, hot dog has no relation to the household pet by the fire or the overheated racing greyhound. All good Englishmen go to American cinemas, — they have to, if they go at all, — so perhaps they've met the hot dog on the screen. If not, it consists of various portions of some other animal than the one it is named for, ground up in the machine and turned into a sausage. One of these, harpooned from a tub of boiling water with a long-pronged fork, is placed between the halves of a long roll, sliced partly through with a knife (it looks like a grinning mouth with a pinkish tongue showing saucily between its lips), and it is eaten with as much mustard as possible.

Besides this delicacy, there are hundreds of sweet and salty foods in sanitary waxed-paper packages, soups and meats and vegetables and fruits in hermetically sealed tin cans, 'soft drinks' — the only drinks in America without alcohol — in bottles, all of which the motorist can buy and eat as he drives along. And there are good restaurants and tea houses as well on all the roads.

A stranger has the impression that Americans must be afraid of famine — or why so many of these road houses and shacks? They are around every bend, they shine with strings of colored electric lights at night, and day and night their radios blare forth jazz. There are thousands of them — millions! The only explanation a total stranger can find is that everyone not otherwise employed puts up one of these wayside places to sell food to passing motorists, so that he also can go forth and buy an automobile, in order to tour the roads and stop and buy food at other people's shacks. This theory would also account neatly for the number of cars in America, but it sounds too much like people taking in each other's washing not to have an economic fallacy in it somewhere.

The host pulls up at his country cottage. If the roads are too bad to drive near it, or if it is tucked off in a mountain colony, he locks up and leaves his expensive eight-cylinder, brocade-upholstered, seven-passenger saloon car under a tree for the week-end. Hundreds of other cars are scattered about the rural landscape. 'What's the difference!' he remarks. 'The old bus will do the year, and it's cheaper to turn it in and get a new one every twelve months than pay repair bills.' Are they *all* millionaires? the guest wonders timidly. Half the time the auto is nearly as large as the house. The houses are getting smaller and smaller and the cars larger and larger — perhaps America is going back again to the migratory stage of culture, thus completing another cycle of civilization. The host, however, is beginning to shake up a cocktail, so no one has time for such speculations.

Sunday night everyone returns from wherever he has been touring to where he lives, so as to be bright and early Monday at his desk. Hence the roads are a queue of cars — in the case of New York starting as far as forty-five miles out and proceeding in single file at a slow pace to the final jam at the

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ferries. Five hours is a good time for a fifty-mile drive from one house to another, and the drivers' eyes ache and sting from going against headlights. But the drive is not without incident — for where there is an open space the length of a car, there are three cars to rush out of line and make for it. With headlights bearing down on one from the queue going the other way, this business of 'shaking off' a car or so, and perhaps gaining half a minute on the ride, has its excitements. There are always accidents along the road, but always garages to help. 'Burst Tyres Repaired,' our meek little British sign says. 'Flats Fixed' announces the American laconically.

If the accident is bad enough, it's little use saving the car. Why bother when they are so cheap? Shove it into a ditch! An old Ford can be had for a pound, a good make of six-cylinder in running shape for ten pounds. They sit forlornly by the dozens in the yards of the garages along the roads, their prices chalked on their screens, watching their shining new brothers go by, sneaking in and out of the congested traffic of the roads. Who wants an old car these days?

What is there in this motor mania? It's hard to get anywhere, and when one gets there it's only to look at the same sort of gigantic posters seen on the vacant lots in the city. It's hard to speed.

Every year motor-car firms spend more and more millions manufacturing cars capable of seventy and eighty miles an hour, and all this time legislators spend more and more hours making laws reducing the speed limit on roads to twenty an hour, with a few exceptions favored with thirty. And more and more traffic police are employed to see that never on any road, city or country, can the owner test out that golden promised eighty that cost him so many extra hundreds.

So in the end it becomes a game between the public and the law, to see which is the cleverest. Americans love making laws, and adore breaking them — look at Prohibition! Mr. Man elects a Congressman. The Congressman passes a speed law. The speed law requires men to enforce it, and Mr. Man spends the rest of his days trying to beat the enforcers of the law he's elected a Congressman to pass. It sounds like 'This is the house that Jack built.'

It does n't offer much amusement in the ordinary sense of the word, but it is exciting. Ah, yes, that must be it — the excitement. Beating another driver, getting his place in the queue, feeling one's own engine pick up faster at a crossing, or take a hill more easily ('Must get a more expensive car next year — can't do much with six cylinders'), slowing down for the clumps of shrubbery or the small side-roads where the motor police may lie in wait, getting above the speed limit on a brief clear stretch, or 'sneaking' a crossroad against a light. The excitement and thrills of 'beating the game.' That's it — the fun of playing a new sort of game. But the sedate English guest would hardly call it motoring.

'FORD AND OURSELVES' [2]

About a year ago a course of lectures upon Ford's engineering and business methods and their economic and social results was given at the Social Museum in Frankfort on the Main, under the title which we have borrowed for this article. Just then Germany's automobile industry was in a transitional state, and Ford and Fordism were on everybody's tongue. After that a strange silence fell for a time upon the man and his work. His prestige in

[2] By P. Friedmann, in *Der Deutsche Volkswirt* (German economic weekly), *December* 16

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America rapidly declined. Three years ago he turned out 60 per cent of the automobiles made in that country, or eight thousand a day. In 1926 the proportion had sunk to 30 per cent. The rumor spread that his model, designed in 1908, was antiquated and must be abandoned. That immediately frightened off new customers, and the cheap Chevrolet car of his principal competitor, the General Motors Corporation, profited correspondingly.

This was the situation early last summer when the Ford Works shut down preparatory to turning out a new model. The tremendous technical task this change represented can only be appreciated by a person directly familiar with Ford's methods of continuous manufacture. The production of each individual part, — for example, the cylinder, — of which thirty-two thousand are needed daily when the shops are working at full capacity, required the equipment of an independent factory with its staff of scientific engineers.

Nevertheless Ford accomplished what he had set out to do in absolute secrecy. No one was able to learn anything about the new car, even after it was actually being manufactured. The only information that leaked out was that it would be absolutely up to date, but would not cost materially more than the old car. Ford succeeded in throwing a veil of secrecy about his new project which kept the whole automobile world on both sides of the Atlantic on tiptoe for fully half a year. This studied secrecy was the greatest advertising trick that even Ford ever pulled off. He thereby prevented his competitors from gaining ground upon him during the period of his shutdown. The riddle, 'What will the new Ford be like?' so occupied the public mind that the sale of cheap cars was reduced to a minimum. Prospective purchasers preferred to wait and see what was going to happen. Brief bulletins issued from Ford's headquarters, as noncommittal as a Pythian oracle, completed the mystification and increased the expectation. Even the leading automobile journal of the country plumed itself immensely upon being able to publish a secret snapshot of the new model only a day or two before it was exhibited to the public. Experts were profuse in their warnings against the danger of such a policy. 'A ridiculous mouse,' after such a mountain of labor, would, they predicted, utterly wreck Ford's reputation.

Finally, on the second of December, the mouse was born. And behold, it was no different from other cheap cars — from the Chevrolet, for example. It did not even have the six cylinders which many predicted. Notwithstanding this, however, hundreds of thousands of orders are pouring in upon its makers from America and from all parts of the world.

What has happened? A miracle? Not at all — but a bluff, a typical Yankee bluff. We automobile experts can only shake our heads and wonder. We should have foreseen it from the beginning. Ford has done nothing more than demonstrate what we have been telling automobile manufacturers for years — the price of an automobile is entirely independent of its construction. A motor car is a combination of raw materials, highly organized labor, and invested capital. The least of these three elements is raw materials. Ford has proved it.

His new car is a little longer than the old one. It requires a trifle more sheet iron, steel, and lacquer to make it. That extra cost can be counted in pennies. It has four-wheel brakes, which add a dollar or two more. The most expensive betterments are additional equipment, such as a more elaborate control board, unbreakable

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glass, larger tires, a new water pump, and dynamic compensation of the piston stroke to do away with motor rattling. Altogether Ford has turned out a modern car at an additional outlay of possibly seventy-five dollars; for changes in the motor, the transmission, the axles, and so on, will have no permanent effect upon construction costs.

German manufacturers must not stick their heads in the sand. They are facing a serious danger. On the first of January, 1928, our automobile tariff was reduced one third, and a second reduction is scheduled for the first of next July which will cut the old tariff in half. A closed Ford car weighing in the neighborhood of twenty-two hundred pounds can then be imported for less than one hundred and seventy dollars in duties, and if it comes in parts and is assembled in Germany the tax will be only a fraction of that sum. On the other hand, it costs somewhat more to assemble a car in Germany than it does in the United States. The price of the cheapest closed Ford in America is four hundred and ninety-five dollars. We must therefore count upon its being deliverable in Berlin in the near future for from seven hundred and fifty to eight hundred dollars. It was offered there during the holiday trade for about one thousand and fifty dollars, the extra cost being partly to cover the higher duties then in force, and partly because the new car was a novelty. In England the closed Ford car is priced at about nine hundred and twenty-five dollars, after paying a duty of 33⅓ per cent. We can depend upon the competition of the Chevrolet to keep these prices from rising higher.

Consequently the problem 'Ford and Ourselves' is again acute. We can no longer brush it aside with a joke about his antiquated model. Even the advantage we obtain from our tax on cylinder capacity, which confines the use of expensive American automobiles to the wealthy, does not apply in his case. For here is the only real surprise that Ford has sprung upon well-informed engineers: he has deviated from his hitherto inflexible rule of sticking to a single model, and is now supplying two different cars to the public. For America, where cars are taxed by weight and gasoline consumption, he has a three-litre cylinder capacity model, and for Europe a two-litre cylinder capacity model. The only difference between these cars is in their cylinder diameter. Ford simply makes smaller pistons and a smaller cylinder block for his European type. All the rest — piston stroke, transmission, axles, chassis, and body — are identical. Every European country taxes by cylinder capacity. This is a fact of great importance for Ford, for in Europe the saturation point for automobiles, relatively to the population, is only a fraction of what it is in the United States. His scheme for making a European model without interfering with his methods of quantity production is one of the smartest ideas — and also one of the most dangerous for the European industry — that Ford has conceived.

German manufacturers must therefore gird themselves for battle. It is a question of life or death for them. The outcome will be decided the present year. Naturally, producers of expensive motor vehicles for a limited class of wealthy patrons will not be affected. A Maybach car, or a Mercedes-Kompressor, or a Horch, naturally has nothing to fear from Ford's competition. Its makers have only to meet the prices of other American manufacturers, and they are doing so successfully. But makers turning out cars for the masses, especially Opel and

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Brennabor, will have to reckon seriously with the problem 'Ford and Ourselves.'

Two courses are open to them — to meet the prices of their great competitor, or to produce a car of *visibly* higher quality. The first course is beset with hopeless difficulties, and demands merchandising outlays and a sacrifice of profits that no German company could stand. The second course is simpler, and the obvious one for German producers to follow. Opel has already adopted it. Ford has just demonstrated that the additional cost of a car lies entirely in additional expenditure upon materials, and not in construction charges. Let us take Opel for an illustration. That company's little four-horsepower car is in every respect an excellent, reliable vehicle which can be operated in complete comfort. Its motor is a trifle small and its body a trifle narrow, but the rest — axles, transmission, and tires — are strong enough to carry four people anywhere. What, then, must be done? Add two cylinders, increase their diameter a trifle, lengthen and widen the chassis a bit, and you have a first-class, six-cylinder car of two-litre capacity. Opel sells in Germany to-day for less than a Ford. If the changes suggested increase the cost of production no more than seventy-five or one hundred dollars, — and Ford has proved it can be done within these limits, — the American auto king will meet in Germany a competitor who is not only his equal but his superior, since that competitor offers a six-cylinder vehicle at a price only a few hundred marks higher than his own. Brennabor and other makers of cheap cars must do the same.

Citroën in France, Morris in England, and Fiat in Italy have already adopted this policy, although they are in less serious danger because they are protected by higher tariffs. The only countries that are defenseless against Ford's invasion are 'neutral states,' which have no motor-car industry of their own. They are a sore point for us, because all Continental manufacturers must have foreign markets if they are to grow and prosper. They may compete with Ford at home, but they cannot do so abroad, where they have to pay the same duties as their rival. Therefore, the only way our motor-car makers can completely exorcise the American danger is by a Continental customs union. That danger has been aggravated greatly by the new Ford. The interest that European exhibitors at the Paris International Automobile Show last year manifested in proposals for a European customs union indicates that they realize the seriousness of the situation and are on the lookout for a remedy.

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DON JUAN AND THE STATUES[1]

BY PIETRO SOLARI

'COMMANDER, supper is served.'

'I'm coming right down.'

'Would you like me to lend you a hand?'

'Thank you, but don't disturb yourself.'

This commonplace dialogue took place several hundred years ago in the garden of a lordly villa in the suburbs of the ancient city of Seville. Don Gonzaga of Ulloa, the Commander of Calatrava, and Don Juan Tenorio, the lover of women, were the speakers.

The Commander was a fine statue of resplendent white marble solidly fixed in the ground. It was striking its customary attitude of pride on the top of a granite pedestal. At its feet stood Don Juan, a living statue, gently insolent, and wearing his sinister beauty like an everyday suit of clothes. Though lacking the beard, the paunch, and the title of the other, Don Juan, one would have sworn, was more entitled to the pedestal.

After the usual exchange of compliments, the statue-man and the man-statue bowed profoundly to each other, sweeping the width of the pathway with two flourishes of their caps. No one who saw them displaying such accomplished ceremony toward each other would have believed that three months ago the younger of the two had killed the elder in a duel on account of the unbending code of honor then in force at Seville. Such is the power of a good education on well-born people.

[1] From *900* (international French-language literary and artistic quarterly), Issue Number 3

The statue jumped heavily to the ground, all of a piece, as if dislodged by an earthquake. As soon as it rose to its feet it limbered up the members of its body with a few setting-up exercises. Clearing its throat, it then moved toward the table with decisive strides, like a heavy tenor strutting upon the stage.

The setting was worthy of the action. The moon was throwing its sinister reflections upon the whiteness of Don Gonzaga. Whiter still was the tablecloth, and the villa and the gravel in the path were white too. White frost covered the grass in the garden, giving the illusion of snow. All around was the whiteness of hoarfrost.

DON GONZAGA. You surely know how to arrange things for one of your peers. It is a superb feast.

DON JUAN. I'm used to banquets. Sit down.

DON GONZAGA. At the table one never grows old.

DON JUAN. That's my motto.

DON GONZAGA. But you will die at the table.

DON JUAN. And therefore not grow old. Drink.

DON GONZAGA. Many thanks. I will not pretend that the thought of having to kill you did not fill me with regret.

DON JUAN. A truce to compliments. In the end it was I who killed you. Call it revenge.

DON GONZAGA. It was kind of you to remind me. That changes the face of things. To your health, Don Juan.

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DON JUAN. To yours, Commander.

DON GONZAGA. The sherry is exquisite.

DON JUAN. I don't mean to be so modest as to do injustice to your own skill at swordplay. Another glass?

DON GONZAGA. To oblige you.

DON JUAN. And now taste this cake made of rice and milk.

DON GONZAGA. Rice is white. Milk is white. Is n't it perhaps a marble entremets?

DON JUAN. That's your impression. Put some cinnamon on it, I beg you.

Although everything smelled cold and stony, and although he had a poor digestion, the Commander, monumental and severe as his own marble, gallantly did honor to the repast and to the sherry, which, as the saying goes, soon helped to break the ice. With every glass, a tingling sensation of the sun-baked stone told him that his members were loosening. Already it was an effort to make his sworn hatred suppress an irresistible feeling of affability. He would have given a hundred doubloons to be able to resume his position on his pedestal with a single leap and to sit there, cross-legged in the Moorish fashion, and finish his meal with the bottle in his hand and the plate between his knees.

Don Juan kept on nibbling, preoccupied and ceremonious. Being used to getting women intoxicated, he watched the progress of the wine on his guest with the eye of a connoisseur. As he poured him drinks he would tell him stories with the reverential familiarity of an ordnance officer who was enjoying the honor of entertaining his general. Finally, when he saw the other lay aside his sword, tuck his napkin around his neck, and adjust his spectacles preparatory to attacking a monumental carp in scientific fashion, he prepared to be eloquent and drank a glass.

DON GONZAGA. What a miserable idea, my dear Don Juan, to have made this buttonhole in my chest merely for the pleasure of snatching away my daughter. Do you believe that if you had asked me for her in the regular way I should not have granted your request? But in the present state of affairs, even if I had been able to kill you a hundred times over, old man that I am, I should not have given you half what you deserved. By the faith of a gentleman, that was the worst act of your whole career.

DON JUAN. It has always been my destiny to find my sword directed against the very best men in the world, the ones most worthy to live, and not to get to know them as such and to love them until after I have killed them. What a miserable, barbaric star I have!

DON GONZAGA. But not so bad as mine. And what have you got out of it all, young man? Have you won Inez? Have you saved your soul? You have pulled so hard on your rope that it has broken. Unworthy as I admit I am, and unhappy too, I ought to call down a thunderclap from that falsely serene sky to reduce you, just after the dessert of this white repast has been served, to ashes at the feet of my statue. Thus you would furnish a memorable example to your peers and to your disciples in centuries to come. Pass me the lemon, please.

DON JUAN. It is my fault, and it is a grave fault. Deign to help yourself.

DON GONZAGA. A splendid family, splendid examples, a splendid career awaiting you — everything that should have made you proud. And look where a dissolute youth and bad company have led you. Thank you a thousand times, but I never put on any pepper.

DON JUAN. The women, Commander, the women!

DON GONZAGA. Do you dare to speak evil of women — you?

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DON JUAN. Only enough to make up for all that the ungrateful creatures have said of me. I a persecutor of girls! I a perjurer, a fighter, a sacrilegious man, a jailbird, and an agent of the Devil! Heaven, which is even now preparing my punishment, knows whether I am a persecutor or persecuted, a conqueror or conquered. My name alone has been my ruin — my reputation of being irresistible. But how would you define that word, Commander? It was I who did not know how to resist the assaults of women. People imagine that I am a man who does not implore but seizes, who does not attack but kills, who conquers without even fighting. In all modesty I must admit that the truth is exactly the opposite: I am always being seized, slain, and subjugated.

DON GONZAGA. But there are a thousand instances of your fatal genius, your wickedness, and your tyranny.

DON JUAN. Have mercy, Commander. I am only a tyrant out of charity, only wicked out of goodness, only fatal by submitting myself. I am a liar by necessity, a homicide in self-defense, and a miscreant because that is my rôle. Women want me that way. Every one of them, every one. They all profit from my compliance, or rather my weakness. All, without exception. Save one, God forgive me, and I am not worthy to pronounce her name. But by all the devils, who is there?

A sudden crackling noise made itself heard. Turning quickly around, the two diners saw that the two caryatids who supported the doorframe and the balcony of the villa were escaping with difficulty from beneath their load. They were two huge Egyptian women made of white limestone, three times the natural size. One of them had a broken nose. After they had disengaged themselves, their burden remained perched in the air, although it was obvious that this was costing the stones a cruel labor. Hardly conscious, and staggering like people awakened from a heavy sleep, they advanced toward the table, and the fresher one, whose nose was broken, executed a beautiful bow, bending over at right angles, and indicating that she and her friend were ready to serve such illustrious gentlemen.

DON GONZAGA. What kind of joke is this, Don Juan?

DON JUAN. Don't you see? They are two women, even if they are made of marble; and they are behaving like all the rest of them.

FIRST CARYATID (with an intact nose). I have always dreamed, Don Juan, of having the honor of being your servant.

DON JUAN. You know me, then?

SECOND CARYATID. Do we know you? During those long nights when the cold devours one, and the moon shows no pity on our poor eyelids which are condemned never to close, our sole consolation is to talk about you.

DON GONZAGA. Your fastidious talk has often prevented me from snatching a wink of sleep.

FIRST CARYATID. One night, Don Juan, when you were climbing up Doña Inez's balcony, you paused a minute, standing on my neck. I trembled for your life, and my emotion was so strong that I felt as if I were made of wax.

DON GONZAGA. Enough of this shameless chatter.

DON JUAN. Drink a glass of sherry to warm yourselves. And wait on us.

This unforeseen interruption occurred just in time to break the Seductor's best oratorical effects. A long, awkward silence followed. From their unnatural height the two giantesses standing behind the two eaters brooded over Don Juan, casting lascivious

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glances from beneath their long white eyelids, and making no attempt to smother occasional sighs. Don Juan rubbed his knees. Finally the Commander unfastened three hooks of his doublet, and one of the giantesses served the fruit. The clock in the Seville tower struck three.

DON GONZAGA. So you had already introduced yourself into my daughter's apartment on other occasions before the night I caught you scaling her balcony?

DON JUAN. On other occasions? Why lie in the face of death? I tried hard on other occasions, but I always found her windows even more firmly closed than her heart. I was repulsed, chased away, maltreated, and pursued with a sword.

DON GONZAGA. I think I recall that detail. It is the last memory of my own life.

DON JUAN. Repulsed, railed at, pursued, threatened with death — and that was the only time Don Juan really loved a woman. I, Don Juan! But perhaps Doña Inez was right — and you too.

DON GONZAGA. I was the only one who was really wrong.

DON JUAN. How could Doña Inez have yielded to the courtship of such a timid and ridiculous lover? No clerk was ever more gauche and embarrassed courting his sweetheart. But what would you expect? Courtship was never my strong point; seduction was not my métier. I was always courted and seduced. I never knew, upon my honor, where to begin.

DON GONZAGA. Inez loved you, unworthy wretch.

DON JUAN. Oh, divine, unparalleled bliss! Oh, cruel fate! To think of the life that I desired and caressed like a deceptive dream — an honest marriage, a quiet, laborious career, little children growing up around me. . . . But you, O father, never had such dreams, I suppose. You never imagined children of your own blood, your Inez's sons, growing up around you in your old age?

DON GONZAGA (tenderly rubbing a stone sugarplum). Keep quiet. Don't reopen that fresh wound. (He calls.) Inez!

INEZ (coming out of the villa). Father?

DON GONZAGA. The hour is about to strike — the hour that compels me to return to the place from which one never comes back. Give me another glass of sherry, Juan. You are more light-headed than wicked, my boy, and you become terribly wild when you get a sword in your hand. Keep back your tears, or I shall believe that in the presence of women and of death you are the most inept of men. But I shall not kill you. No thundering after a meal like that.

INEZ. Father?

DON GONZAGA. Don't intercede for him. I have already forgiven him, and I want you to forgive him. May God forgive him, too — God, who does not desire the death, but the repentance, of the sinner. Love each other and multiply. When you have children, send them often to play in the garden around the statue of that poor old man who never had a heart of stone and who would have adored them had he lived. Adieu, adieu. Lend me a hand to help me up on my pedestal. I really believe I've eaten too much.

It was a heart-rending scene. The two caryatids shed an abundance of hard white tears, oblong-shaped, like pigeons' eggs. As they fell they broke the vases and fine dishes on the table, making an indiscreet noise as they did so. Doña Inez, leaning against the pedestal, sobbed and murmured words of farewell. As soon as her father had been hauled up she fainted.

DON JUAN. Help me hold her.

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FIRST CARYATID. Water.
SECOND CARYATID. Wine.
DON JUAN. Vinegar.

DON GONZAGA. Juan, give me my sword. It's leaning against the table. Don't be alarmed if Inez is sick. I know that it is terrifying to have the woman one loves faint, but at bottom such fainting is worth what it always is worth with women. You ought to know that better than I. Thank you, my dear fellow. Farewell.

The statue stiffened into the shape of a hero. It looked like a man dying on his feet. Soon Inez recovered consciousness.

Dawn broke, glassy and bitter. The two big limestone Egyptian women hurriedly returned to their places. Don Juan took his loved one in his arms and tried to be eloquent again.

DON JUAN. My love, my dearest love. . . .

On the threshold of the villa he turned to look once more at the statues. The table resembled a battlefield. Before closing the door he raised his head toward the Egyptian with the intact nose. She had not yet entirely solidified.

'To-morrow,' he murmured to her, 'at eleven o'clock — here.'

RECENT AMERICAN LITERATURE[1]

BY J. C. SQUIRE

TWENTY years ago it was extremely difficult for a person resident here to keep in close touch with the products of the American press. Mark Twain was widely read here; the patrons of the circulating libraries were familiar with the novels of Mrs. Wharton, Miss Johnston, Mr. Churchill, and Mr. Booth Tarkington; and W. D. Howells had a small but faithful English public. With these and a few more exceptions, the currents of literature flowed only in one direction. Very few American books were published here, and most British publishers were content to ignore America as a source of books. Neither the Middle West nor the industrial East had impinged upon the British, or European, consciousness; even modern New York was not realized, though it was known to contain skyscrapers. The books that were expected from America were either broadly humorous books, fit for pioneers, circus proprietors, and Mississippi pilots; or stories of sentimental retrospect about the vanished societies of New England and the South; or Wild West stories about robbers, miners, and Navajos; or novels of an artificial and cosmopolitan refinement, written by very sophisticated expatriates. Works of criticism seldom crossed the Atlantic at all, and what American poets existed were completely unknown here. There were not many, perhaps. But Father Tabb had an exquisite talent and a beautiful spirit, and William Vaughn Moody, who was born out of time and died young, left remains which at least were as admirable as those of Lionel Johnson or even John

[1] From the *Observer* (London moderate Sunday paper), *January* 1

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Davidson. To this day, I believe, his poems have never appeared in England.

That has all changed. Virtually every American 'best-seller' is given its chance here, from *Main Street* to *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, and from that to the confections of Mr. Harold Bell Wright and Mrs. Gene Stratton Porter. Almost all the respectable and semirespectable American novelists have their regular English publishers, and the watch for new authors is so keen that even a 'new' novelist like Professor Erskine had not to wait long before his first fiction, *Helen of Troy*, — admittedly a very original and elegant work, — repeated in England the success it had had in America. The change in the English attitude, however, cannot be described as a mere change in the English attitude. It has been determined by the fact that America, and American literature, have become very much more interesting. Twenty years ago a *Helen of Troy* might not have been surprising if it had come from an American émigré in London or Paris, but would certainly not have been expected from a sturdy and confirmed New Yorker, who at that date would have seemed as much of a freak as Poe was in the Baltimore of the forties. To-day an American Walter Pater, living in New Haven or even Minneapolis, would not be surprising.

American critics are acutely conscious of the American literary renaissance, of the surge of intellectualism and æsthetics around them, and of the zest with which young fresh minds are attacking the American scene. Almost unanimously they repeat a single explanation, which sounds plausible, but seems to me to show a disregard for plain facts, which is one of the contemporary American weaknesses. The explanation, which has a nice convincing, evolutionary look, is that there have been three stages in the development of recent American civilization and literature. There was the Colonial stage, which included the era of the great New England group; there was the stage of chaos during which the great post-1870 immigration of Poles, Italians, Jews, Elamites, and dwellers in Mesopotamia poured in, and all old standards were broken up; and there is the new, truly American stage, in which a peculiarly American civilization has emerged with a literature of a tone and color utterly unlike anything ever seen in the world before.

The three stages are there all right; the mistake lies in thinking that contemporary America is remoter from Europe than its parent. In point of fact, it is much nearer to Europe in general, and to England in particular. The versifiers of the Aldrich age — and one must count among them Longfellow at his weakest — did, it is true, write very largely about Europe. They delighted in the Middle Ages, in Romantic Germany, in the Bay of Naples, and they imitated English authors shamelessly. But it is a mistake to assume that there is an affinity between the original thing and its affinity. Mr. Sinclair Lewis, flagellating the Middle West in vivid and racy English, is far closer to us than were those Baedeker poets of the last century who ignored their surroundings and wrote about distant Europe in stanzas faintly reminiscent of Mrs. Hemans, Tennyson, or Praed. Those were American trippers. Miss Willa Cather, who always takes her themes from her native surroundings, is much more of a European, though she may never have visited Europe. She has inherited the English language and the European ethical code; she has an eye for the truth; and, barring the difference of landscape and dialect (her characters', not her own), she might

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just as well have been writing in Europe. America, it is true, is recrystallizing — into how many crystals we do not know. But the process will result in merely adding one to the old European cultures, so far as can at present be seen. You cannot invent a completely new type of culture deliberately, or a new outlook on life; the American ingredients, of religion, of law, of morals, and of speech, are of European origin. America was a crude white colony, and is now becoming a mature white state.

In the department now under summary review, recent developments have been remarkable. There are now dozens of American writers who are read as familiarly here as in their own country; not as curiosities, persons of alien attitude reporting strange societies, — as an inspired Congolese might be read on the subject of Congo life, — but as members of our own branch of the human family looking at nature, the stars, and the mysteries behind the stars, much as we look at them, and applying to the political and material developments of their own special environment precisely the same critical standards as we apply to ours. The important thing about Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer, whose meditative eye turns from Pennsylvania to Salem, and from that to Cuba, is not that he is working in America, but that he belongs to a special human type, and has a remarkable talent for re-creating the past in a way that appeals to the heart and imagination of us all. He is a member of the literary comity of nations, not a stunt that only modern America could have produced. All this may seem obvious, but there is a great deal of misunderstanding on the point in America.

One continually finds articles pointing out how very American Miss Cather is, because she happens to mention hickory and be acquainted with the outskirts of the Middle West. One is frequently reminded that Mr. Arlington Robinson draws pictures that are purely American pictures; that Mr. Vachel Lindsay has got negro rhythms into his verse, and has chanted excitingly his youthful illusions about the windbag Bryan; that Mr. Robert Frost is a gray, laconic New Englander. All these things are true, but in so far as these men are real poets — and they are all considerable poets — they are as easily understandable here as they are in their own country. 'Do you know,' runs the question, 'what a sumach tree is?' Or, 'Do you realize that the American robin differs from the English robin?' Possibly not; but things incidentally mentioned are not the substance of literature, and most visible phenomena are universal. Were it put the other way, and Americans informed that they could not possibly understand Wordsworth because they had never seen the stone walls, the snows, the remote farms, the lakes, and the mountain-ash berries of Cumberland, they would very properly laugh: they have seen the analogies of most of these, and, for the rest, how incidental they are when compared with the central illumination of Wordsworth! It is all understandable in a way: the self-conscious American is a humble creature and pathetically anxious to make a show in the world. But the show is not to be made by attaching undue importance to things accidental and insignificant. It will be made, and it is being made, by an earnest pursuit of truth, beauty, and the extension of knowledge.

America, in point of fact, is returning to Europe, being no longer a derivative colony. I have mentioned certain American books and authors that should be neglected by no intelli-

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gent English student either of literature or of affairs. Emily Dickinson's poems date long before our period, but they were precursive, and the work of a great and fearless genius. Among recent books I suggest — *Babbitt* being universally known — the two novels of Mr. Thornton Wilder, the books of Mr. T. S. Stribling, the poems of Mr. Wallace Stevens, and *The Road to Xanadu*, a masterpiece of imaginative criticism by Mr. John L. Lowes. These last two are indicative of very important recent developments in American literature.

Mr. Stevens, a subtle, economic, and rather obscure writer, hovers on the edge of oversophistication, and even of decadence. He is not alone among modern American writers in that position; and a civilization has certainly arrived when it can produce overripe fruits of that kind. Professor Lowes, who has written one of the finest works of criticism in the language, may be taken as the chief of a whole host of literary scholars and critics in America who have settled down to the study of the old editions and manuscripts which we export to them in such quantities. A few are men of genius or of great penetration and great expressive powers; many are painstaking pedants; some are simply stupids. But the work is being done, and America every year — chiefly in the form of theses for doctorates — is producing a vast assembly of books of literary research and criticism, of which some are inspiring and many are very useful as works of reference.

Her debt, in fact, is beginning to be repaid. She lived on us, artistically and educationally, for generations: we are now beginning to draw some sustenance from her. To what dimensions her export to us will grow no man can say; and no man with my superficial knowledge of America should dare to say. But the balance might be redressed, and it is possibly now the time for the reopening of the old copyright question. The stealing, so prevalent in Dickens's days, has almost ceased; yet there is a great deal of waste involved in the duplicate printing of many valuable books which cannot hope for large circulations. In standing out of the League of Nations America may well think she has much to say for herself. In standing out of the Berne Convention she has nothing to say for herself.

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THE GLOZEL AFFAIR

BOTH SIDES OF A GREAT DISPUTE

A GREAT DISCOVERY[1]

[SINCE an international committee of archæologists has declared that the objects excavated at Glozel are not genuine, we give only the opening and concluding passages of Professor Audollent's long justification of the finds. Salomon Reinach, who, like many other French scholars, refuses to accept the committee's verdict, has declared that this is the best statement of the case that has yet been made. We have therefore endeavored to give the substance of Professor Audollent's contentions, omitting certain elaborate details that have been proved in the light of subsequent investigations to be highly dubious. The companion piece by Sir Arthur Evans represents the opinion of an impartial expert. Sir Arthur has made himself an enviable reputation by his brilliant work in Crete.]

TWENTY-THREE kilometres southeast of Vichy, in the Ferrières-sur-Sichon commune, is the little hamlet whose name I have just written. It is made up of a few houses standing on the steep bank of the Vareille River, a tributary of the Sichon, which later flows into the Allier. About halfway down the slope, in a little depression, is a spring, from which flows a long thread of water. Two hundred yards farther on, just before you reach the left bank of the Vareille, the slope levels out into a kind of terrace or field about forty yards long and fifty wide, known as Duranton or Les Duranthons. This is the site of the excavations that involved such a memorable dispute among the most renowned scientists in the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres*. The dispute has been resumed, with results no less impressive than those of previous years. It seems, therefore, that the moment has come to give some idea of the nature of these discoveries.

Up to March 1, 1924, Glozel had no history. On this date a young local farmer, Émile Fradin, while ploughing his family land, unearthed two little bricks, or tablets, of baked clay. The face of these bricks contained a number of little pockets — or cups, as they were called. This was not the first time that ancient fragments had been discovered here, but never before had any importance been attached to what had been found. Upon the advice of several cultivated people, and in particular that of Mlle. Picandet, the Ferrières school-teacher, M. Fradin continued his researches, saving everything he found. A year later, in April 1925, Dr. Morlet, of Vichy, became actively interested in the explorations and made an agreement to assist the owner of the land. Their discoveries were published in a series of articles, most of which appeared in the *Mercure de France*.

These articles were not long in arousing intense excitement. The objects described in them were so new, their character was so strange, and the grouping in which they were unearthed

[1] By Professor A. Audollent, in *Le Correspondant* (Liberal Catholic semimonthly), *November* 10

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was so widely varied, that at first no one could believe they were authentic. Furthermore, how was it possible to believe that so many different pieces should have accumulated in such a small bit of ground? And what was perhaps even more strange, how could they all be discovered at a depth of only three feet and not have been damaged or destroyed by all the farming to which this plot of land had been subjected for generations? The intrinsic character of this archæological discovery, the site from which it came, the circumstances under which it was discovered, all conspired to arouse the most complete skepticism among erudite experts.

Let us also describe how the excavations were conducted. Dr. Morlet employed a method quite his own. Instead of exploring one part of the field thoroughly and exhausting its contents, he preferred to dig a transversal trench, from which he dug other trenches at right angles, like the bones attached to the spine of a fish. The ground between these trenches he intentionally left intact, so that it could easily serve as a witness to anyone who did not have confidence in the previous investigations and who wanted to have some material dug up for himself. His precaution was justified, for it enabled such scholars as Salomon Reinach, Espérandieu, Joseph Loth, and Depéret, all of whom were members of the Institute, to conduct excavations of their own wherever they wished and to see the objects unearthed before their eyes. M. Depéret, incidentally, was responsible for the remarkable excavations at Solutré.

Everyone was surprised at the almost perfect state of preservation of most of the material, which led to the belief that it had all been manufactured recently and therefore lacked any scientific value. This assumption would not have been made quite so quickly had it been known, as it is known to-day, what precautions Dr. Morlet and M. Fradin had taken. They disengaged each object — and they were nearly all of them fragile — with a big knife, they cleaned away the dirt with their own hands, and made every effort to bring undamaged into the light of day what the soil had preserved so long and so thoroughly. For my own part, I can say most emphatically that, after having read everything that Dr. Morlet has written on the subject, after having talked with him at great length, after having visited Glozel for the first time in October 1926, and having been present on the twenty-first of June, 1927, at the opening of the second tomb, I witnessed no touch of deception in his researches, and I have no doubt whatever regarding their authenticity.

This conviction of mine is based on numerous proofs. When I arrived at the Fradin house on the thirty-first of October, the first object that greeted my eyes in their little museum of archæological treasure was a vase dug up only the day before. The root of a fern had pierced one side and had grown out through the other. The collection also included a big brick, likewise perforated by a root. How could such a thing have happened recently? Nature herself has demonstrated that this baked earth has been sleeping for a long time in the soil where we are finding it to-day.

In the tomb that I just mentioned everything was embedded in a yellowish mud of perfect smoothness into which it would have been impossible to introduce anything recently. From this intact mud twenty-four objects of the most varied kinds were excavated before my eyes. Scientists have been more and more surprised at the number of articles that have been progressively disclosed. Instead of believing that

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this is a cause for dispute, I feel that it is a strong argument in favor of the genuineness of the discoveries. A forger would make one valuable piece, or perhaps several, which he would hope to sell at a good price. He would not waste his time making a great number of them, for fear of giving himself away and of carelessly leaving some clue behind him.

The same line of reasoning applies even more strongly to the different types of objects uncovered, for long preliminary effort would have been necessary to develop them. The articles unearthed here are as varied as they are novel, which seems to contradict the hypothesis of a modern forger.

Furthermore, who could this impostor be? Who but one of the two original excavators? But the honor of both is above suspicion, and neither appears competent to have executed such a tour de force, for even the knowledge of a specialist on the subject could hardly have been adequate. Émile Fradin is an intelligent farmer with an average education. Dr. Morlet, cultivated as he is, has a medical education that did not prepare him for the kind of work that he is engaged in at Glozel. Although he was responsible for some happy discoveries at Vichy a short time ago, it can be said in all truth that only circumstances made him an archæologist.

To tell the truth, I keep asking myself whether the very peculiarity of the discovery was not the only, or at any rate the principal, reason for the archæologists' original incredulity. Had an identical discovery been made in some distant country, or, better still, in some celebrated place like Hissarlik, over the site of ancient Troy, would it have aroused such opposition? Of course, we should have required proof before reaching a favorable conclusion, but it is highly probable that skepticism would have been manifested much less vehemently. The thing that has disconcerted so many people from the start is that this extraordinary collection has been discovered in the very heart of France, in a state of strange confusion, and in a region whose soil and subsoil we thought we knew fairly thoroughly. Small wonder, then, that such complete mistrust should be aroused.

Allow me to mention a few well-known facts that science only acknowledged with the greatest hesitation and without daring to draw inevitable conclusions from them. I allude to the painted stones with their alphabetiform signs discovered by Piette in his excavations at Mas d'Azil; to the objects excavated at Alvâo in the province of Tras os Montes in Portugal, which bear the same kind of characters, together with sketches of animals similar to those found at Glozel. I also point to the splendid discoveries of Sir Arthur Evans in Crete, which not only revealed a Creto-Ægean writing, but even gave us a clue to the evolution of the ideogram into the linear form of expression. Flinders Petrie's Egyptian discoveries of pottery dating back to the Twelfth Dynasty, those of Schliemann at Hissarlik on the site of Troy, as well as the material that has been found in a neolithic site in Transylvania, all show the extension and diversity of the Ægean civilization. But without searching for such distant examples, do we not find the same kind of writing on schist rings dug up in the neighborhood of Glozel, at Montcombroux, and at Sorbier — three different places all in the department of Allier?

The discoveries made in Mediterranean countries during the last forty years have again raised the old theory concerning the origin of the Phœnician alphabet, and we are justified in agree-

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ing with M. Vendyrès that the Glozel inscriptions 'are not isolated. They form part of a series that originated in Crete and that extended through Egypt and Troas, through Transylvania and Western Europe. Here we have still another centre of Ægean writing. Glozel is the farthest point to the northwest which this writing has reached.' Although the Glozel discoveries have at present aroused much more curiosity than they have satisfied, several points have emerged that are well worth remembering.

First, the excavations have been declared honest by scientists who have visited the spot. Morlet and Fradin are therefore free to continue excavating the parts of the ground that they had prudently left untouched, and in this way they can, in our opinion, add to the value of their archæological treasure.

Second, the reason for such a helter-skelter accumulation of objects remains a mystery. If their funereal significance can no longer be doubted in the light of the two tombs that have been discovered, it is equally possible that some votive or magical intention caused them to be planted in such a small space of ground. I find it hard to believe that we are in the presence of a hiding place where the owners of these objects attempted to keep them in safety. Although this bric-a-brac, as M. Jullian calls it, contains a number of valuable pieces, a great deal of the rest of it, even in the remote time in which it was made, could only have possessed mediocre value and secondary importance.

Third, the soil in which the objects were found belongs neither to historic times nor to the Bronze or Iron Age. There is no metal relic — not even a nail or a single potsherd of red varnished pottery. On the whole it must all be assigned to the neolithic period, though there may be a few evidences of other times.

In the fourth place, the writing at Glozel belongs to the same neolithic civilization whose traces have been discovered from Asia Minor to Spain. We do not possess the key to this writing just now, and it will undoubtedly be a long time before its secret is revealed.

From all appearances, much remains to be discovered in the field beside the Vareille. There has been a good deal of talk about a flagstone paving at least two feet underground near the ditch that I described at the beginning of this article, and it will be necessary to dig this up. Sooner or later — and the sooner the better — the rest of the land will have to be investigated with minute, persevering care. I cannot forget a thought that has haunted me ever since Morlet's and Fradin's discoveries first became a subject of archæological controversy. Whereas some people seem to confine themselves to criticizing the great work done by Joseph Déchelette, I keep saying to myself: 'Why is n't he there? What a help his penetrating scientific skill would be, embracing as it does a knowledge of prehistoric times and of all antiquity! It would throw light into the darkness through which we are stumbling. And — who knows? — it might even solve the irritating enigma of Glozel itself!'

A GREAT IMPOSTURE[2]

I HAVE just returned from Glozel. Entirely occupied with my Cretan work, I had put off any serious examination of the subject, though well supplied with reports of the discoveries

[2] By Sir Arthur Evans, from the *Manchester Guardian* (Independent Liberal daily), *January 7*

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and commentaries thereon. I had, indeed, from a mere glance at these, concluded that the very artificial flare would quickly die down. But that was a quite mistaken view. Taken from the first out of scientific hands, bruited abroad by the sensational press, it has stirred up French lay opinion in a way that would be quite unintelligible to this country. There has been really nothing like it since the Dreyfus Affair. It has descended into the streets, and 'Glozelist' and 'Anti-Glozelist' butchers' boys have been seen fighting one another over it. What is more serious, it has made a successful irruption into two of the French Academies, and has found a vehement champion in the learned and brilliant Director of the National Museum at St. Germain, M. Salomon Reinach, though his special qualifications lie rather in the historic or quasihistoric times, and certainly do not include a due appreciation of the perspective of late geological times. Not only was he imposed on on the spot, but the idea of a neolithic alphabet of sorts fitted in only too well with his well-known theories as to the Western origin of early European civilization.

Thus, in spite of the publication of the damnatory report of the Commission, the members of which were excellently selected by the International Institute of Anthropology, and, I may add, the adverse opinions of all the French experts who have the greatest competence in prehistoric matters, Glozel is still with us. Too many reputations were at stake to allow the matter to rest there. The Commission was able, among other things, to show — as a shrewd civil engineer, M. Vayson de Pradenne, has already done — how the forged antiquities were introduced into the earth. But M. Reinach and two academic colleagues have not hesitated to compare its action with that of the Holy Inquisition that condemned Galileo — Galileo, in this case being the young peasant farmer's son who, well primed with the information freely supplied to him, has perpetrated this elaborate hoax.

Having at last a little respite from my own work, I thought it my duty — on more than one account — to express an independent opinion on the matter; but it seemed necessary first to visit the actual site and to inspect the objects. This I did just before the publication of the report of the Commission, Dr. Morlet, the Vichy doctor who has been the local champion of the authenticity of the finds, — I have sixteen of his brochures on the subject before me, — kindly acting as my guide. I was also given full access to the objects themselves in the cottage room that serves as a rough museum, and was able to make a rapid but effective examination of the whole. Sixty years before, at the same midwinter season, I had been taken by my father to France to join his investigations in the Somme Valley gravels which helped to corroborate the discoveries of Boucher de Perthes — at first rejected in France itself — attesting the palæolithic antiquity of man. Different, indeed, was the result of the present inquiry; but it may yet serve the cause of scientific truth.

Like many great things, the 'Mystery of Glozel' arose from small beginnings. This tiny and rather inaccessible hamlet — in the very middle of France — lies about twenty-three kilometres from Vichy. The small terrace — hardly larger than a good-sized room — within the limits of which the remains were said to have been all brought out overhangs the Vareille streamlet, a tributary of the Allier that comes down from the neighboring volcanic ranges of Auvergne, bringing with it rolled basalt pebbles, engraved specimens of which played a

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prominent part in these discoveries. The proprietors of the site are the Fradin family, peasant farmers, the grandfather at the head, and a grandson, Émile, 'reformed' from the army and somewhat over twenty years of age. This lad I was only privileged to see at Dr. Morlet's house in a very nervous state. Though untrained, he had shown an artistic bent, and his room, I am told, has some drawings of his own on the walls. His antiquarian instincts were aroused by his chance discovery, early in 1924, on the terrace above mentioned, of what was at first described as a tomb, but which was in fact a glassmaker's furnace, of truncated oval shape, with walls and floor of flat clay tiles, some showing traces of the glaze. Remains of thick, well-baked clay crucibles were found within, part of one of which I was shown, with a glass cake at its bottom. The true meaning of this construction was first pointed out by a young schoolmaster, M. Clément, sent by a local society to report, though he himself had at first accepted the sepulchral theory. Franchet, the well-known French ceramic authority, further pointed out that the structure answered to that of other glass furnaces of the kind found near sand-producing streams of this region, examples of which he ascribes to the sixteenth century. A coin of Louis XIV was found in one of these.

But the visit of M. Clément to Glozel and the information given by him to young Fradin were to have a long sequel. There lived in Moulins, the chief town of the Allier Department, a local antiquary, since deceased, named Perot, the possessor of a very mixed collection. In forming this he had shown a marked preference for objects bearing signs or letters to which he could attach a magical or mystical importance. Among these miscellaneous specimens was a schist disc representing a waste product from a prehistoric bracelet factory at Montcombroux, in that neighborhood ascribed to the Bronze Age or later. On this, 'in Gallo-Roman' characters, was the curiously imagined dedication, DEA VRINATA (!). A terra-cotta image in the collection, also of Gallo-Roman style, bore an inscription described to me as of quite 'Glozelian' character. In 1917, moreover, — seven years before the Glozel finds, — M. Perot, in a communication to the Bulletin of the French Prehistoric Society, illustrated two inscribed objects of different date, but both of which, according to his statement, Clément had had the singular good fortune to find. One was a gray schist axe, with a rude cross — most valuable for his theories — on one side, and on the other alphabetiform characters resembling Phœnician letters, two *l*'s and *e*. Clément's other find was another Montcombroux 'waster,' like the schist, rounded with the 'Gallo-Roman' inscription, engraved with an arrow and three characters representing a *Z* or angular *S*, a *T*, and an *X*, thus singularly anticipating the inscription STX scratched in front of a design of a reindeer on a Glozel pebble. The Phœnician *l* and *e* also reappear there.

An account of M. Perot's treasures, together with a copy of his paper supplying illustrations of the inscribed objects, was passed on by Clément to young Fradin, whose antiquarian curiosity was by now thoroughly aroused. He still clung to the idea that the structure that he had brought to light was a tomb, and he quickly turned his instruction to good account. It was not long before he discovered that a tile, belonging to what we know to have been really the more or less modern glass furnace, bore a scratched inscription in alphabetiform characters. Clément had the satisfaction of com-

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municating an illustration of his pupil's work to the local Société d'Émulation.

There followed two polished axes and a rolled pebble, all engraved with linear signs. It was a good beginning. Clément himself now takes leave of Glozel, and the enthusiastic Dr. Morlet takes command of the situation, fired with the prospect of the greatest discovery of the time — a Stone Age civilization with a developed system of writing. Dr. Morlet leased the site and supplied financial aid for its exploration. Thanks to him, Master Émile was able to add new textbooks to his library, which already seems to have contained Déchelette's Manual, with its excellent selection of Magdalenian drawings. As the process of instruction progressed a distinct evolution becomes perceptible in the objects produced, and their variety increases. The inscriptions on bricks are no longer scratched, like the first, on the already baked material, but engraved on the soft clay, which was later partially baked. They multiply and become more voluminous. New signs appear, taken from a larger repertory; and Professor Dussand has pointed out that the receipt — from a prominent Academician — of a publication containing specimens of Iberic alphabets was promptly followed by the appearance of some characteristic Iberic letters. It looks, too, as if some specimens of Cretan linear script had also found their way here.

It is on such grounds that the extravagant theory has been launched that the later Mediterranean systems of writing, including the Phœnician, are only selections from a Stone Age script of Western Europe, first revealed in a fully developed form in this spurious culture of Glozel!

Linear signs, indeed, sometimes in small groups, as personal marks or mnemonic records, were themselves in use among primitive peoples of all ages, and are frequent enough, at times in connection with animal figures, on late palæolithic relics. Some of these may have had, indeed, a continuous vogue. But such signs were perpetually springing up anew from pictographic sources, and in a series of cases the characters of the advanced Cretan forms of script — the earliest in our continent — can be actually traced by intermediate forms to their pictorial originals. That such was also the case with Phœnician letters is made highly probable from the correspondence of name and form. Here, however, we see these alphabetic signs already fully evolved in their secondary shape.

The goal to which the directing spirit of the Glozel discoveries devoted all his zeal was the disclosure of a form of culture immediately fitting on to the Magdalenian or 'Reindeer Period,' though yet neolithic in many of its essential products, such as polished stone axes, pottery, and the querns of an agricultural population. When the first engraving of a reindeer appeared on a pebble, the eminent authority on Cave Man, the Abbé Breuil, expressed the view that it might after all be 'a generalized representation of one of the Cervidæ.' At a meeting of the Académie des Inscriptions the chief protagonist of the authenticity of the Glozel finds is said to have exclaimed on hearing this: 'That is lucky, for if the drawing had been a reindeer it would have been necessary to conclude that it was the work of a forger.' Reindeer on French soil in a neolithic medium might well shock a student of prehistory. Already in the later, Azylian, phase of palæolithic culture it was becoming extinct.

But the true believers of Glozel were not to be let off so easily. Professor Brinkmann, Director of the Zoölogical Museum at Bergen, who, if anyone, knew a reindeer when he saw it, ac-

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cepted the attribution. The *genius loci* of Glozel was itself stirred to new efforts by the Abbé Breuil's expression of modified doubt. These Northern animals began to repeat themselves on stone and bone. It may be said, indeed, to have rained reindeers, and the Commission itself was made to unearth a rolled pebble engraved with a fine specimen. This, like most of the others, had an alphabetiform inscription attached. The figures of textbooks on which some of these were based have been pointed out, but in one case the artist has allowed himself the liberty of giving a perspective rendering of a dead animal — a very non-Magdalenian touch. At the same time, to counterbalance, as it were, this Arctic species, another engraved fragment presents the characteristic outlines of a head of an Indian buffalo! About this the Abbé Breuil had no doubt.

Taken as a whole, the Glozel objects could not, one might suppose, have deceived a novice. The engraved objects showed at times the rough knack of a copyist, and indeed in some cases quite clearly reflect the originals in textbooks. All else was as rude as it was impossible. The axes, of soft stone, were such as were never known to primitive man. A steatite arrowhead, with barb as well as a stem, represents an ungainly imitation of a Bronze Age type. The bone 'harpoons' were not even copies of implements for real use, such as votive objects might have been. The heavy inscribed bricks are unlike any clay tablets yet brought to light. The pottery — another surprising association of a culture supposed to be more or less contemporary with Magdalenian — in what has been happily called the 'mud-pie' style owes the suggestion of its thick rough walls to the crucibles found in the furnace of — Louis Quatorze date!

As a sequel to the idea adopted by Dr. Morlet that the furnace itself was a tomb, the theory emerged that the site itself was a *champ de morts*. Two fresh tombs were not long in making their appearance of the same truncated oval form as the furnace, but built in an inferior manner of rough stones. Within were inscribed bricks, grotesque 'bisexual' idols of clay, pebbles engraved with reindeer heads, while rude but sometimes inscribed 'owl-faced' pots — suggested, it would seem, by Sohtirmann's Trojan finds — were introduced as 'emblems of death.' The one thing wanting in this 'field of the dead' were the skeletons themselves. But, except for some odd fragments of bones, the soil — so preservative of the 'harpoons' and other small bone relics — seems to have had a particular quality fatal to human bones. Only the narrow ends of the tombs have been opened for inspection, so that their roughly arched roofery is not otherwise visible, but in spite of the ill-compacted nature of this the interiors were found void of earth. It was clear that, in order to make these strange sepulchres and to arrange the objects within, a good slice of the upper layer of vegetable earth roughly adhering by its roots must have been temporarily removed.

After a survey of the Glozel relics themselves I was unable to avoid the conclusion that they were all the work of the same hand — the hand of a bright lad, decidedly industrious, who has at any rate added to the gayety of nations.

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SOUTH AMERICA'S 'LOST CITIES'[1]

BY ROBERTO J. PAYRÓ

[THIS article, which abounds in documentary citations, has necessarily been summarized.]

FROM the first decades of the sixteenth century the Spaniards believed that mysterious and wealthy cities existed in remote and inaccessible parts of South America. Sebastian Cabot was convinced of this when he sailed on his voyages of discovery. Legend had it that impenetrable virgin forests, wild rivers and precipitous mountains, vast swamps and waterless deserts, as well as fierce tribes of savages, protected these mysterious metropolises of the wilderness, which had deep moats and massive walls, lofty towers, and other mediæval defenses. As time went on the origin of these cities was traced to different sources. Some supposed them ancient and isolated strongholds in which the descendants of the Incas had taken refuge, with immense treasures of gold and silver and precious stones, after the Spaniards conquered Peru. Others attributed them to pre-Columbian migrations from Europe or Asia. Still others, influenced by reports that the inhabitants of these cities were fair-complexioned men with light hair and blue eyes, thought that they had probably been founded in very early days by shipwrecked mariners from Holland or Great Britain. . . .

Among the most ardent believers in these curious reports were the missionary friars and the Jesuit brothers, some of whom came to America expressly to carry the Christian faith to these lost brethren. An extensive literature upon the subject exists in the relations of the good Franciscans, Dominicans, Jesuits, and brothers of the other orders, who investigated and set down in their reports whatever they heard of these mysterious regions. No question exists as to the candor of these men. None of the early writers professes to describe what he himself saw, but only what he had learned from the mouths of 'creditable witnesses.' For instance, there is the account of the Jesuit Father Lozano, a famous historian of the Plate River country, who relates that in 1512 some citizens of this mysterious land of El Dorado passed through Concepción de Chile — in fact, one member of this party is said later to have become a member of the sacred company. Another venerable Jesuit, Father Antonio Ruiz de Montoya, sent a memorial to Philip IV containing references to a tribe of Indians called Cesares, whose capital became known as follows.

During the winter of 1711, when the passes of the Andes were entirely blocked by snow, so that there was no communication across the mountains, an unknown Spaniard arrived at the town of Chiloe, situated on the island of that name in modern Chile, bearing on his person all the evidences of great hardship and fatigue. He related that he had escaped from the capital of the Cesares and after many dangers and difficulties had finally reached the

[1] From *Nosotros* (Buenos Aires literary and political review), *July*

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territory of a friendly tribe of Indians living near Chiloe, who had brought him to the town. He said that the name of the principal city of the Cesares was Hoyos, and that it was the largest of three towns founded in ancient times by shipwrecked mariners who had come to America in the days of Charles V. These three towns were described as lying only ten leagues from Calbuca, a place inhabited by a tribe well known to the Spaniards, and one hundred and sixty leagues from the city of Mendoza. They were defended on the Mendoza side by 'a deep lake many leagues long,' on the other side by artificial defenses. The people carried on commerce with friendly Indians, with whom they bartered for cattle, sheep, and wool their grain, vegetables, and textiles, which last their women wove to great perfection. They were not reported to possess gold, but silver was so abundant among them that it was used even for the tines of their rakes and for the commonest household utensils. This Spaniard not only joined the Company of Jesus, but received orders and was promoted to coadjutor, a rank by no means easily attained.

The same year an expedition was organized by General Don Juan de Mayorga of Mendoza, at the orders of the Governor of Chile, to capture the city. It crossed the Andes in September, when the passes were open, guided by a Spaniard who had been made prisoner by the Indians during a *vaquería*, as excursions to hunt down the great herds of wild cattle that then roamed the pampas were called. During his captivity this man had learned the situation of the capital of the Cesares, and had seen it from a distance, but had not been able to visit it. The expedition fought a skirmish with the Cesares Indians, in which it was victorious and took several prisoners. Under torture one of these declared that the inhabitants of the city were renegade Spaniards, and that the Indians had always called them so. This agreed perfectly with what the Spanish guide had said. The prisoner added that seven caciques, each commanding a large number of warriors, were waiting for General Mayorga on the other side of a certain sierra which his forces must cross. They planned to receive him there in a friendly manner, but to massacre him and his men on the first favorable occasion. Intimidated by this prospect, the followers of General Mayorga, who were not trained troops, but riffraff recruited among the poorer classes of the Spanish colony, mutinied, and the General was obliged to return without accomplishing his object.

A quarter of a century later another member of the Company of Jesus, Father José Cardiel, gathered such information as he could about the city of the Cesares, and applied to the Captain-General of Buenos Aires for permission to visit and convert its people. This good father evidently believed from the record of various shipwrecks that had occurred during the previous two hundred years near the southern end of the continent that the town had been founded by Europeans, who had intermingled with the Indians and reverted to their beliefs and customs. . . . At Buenos Aires Father Cardiel ran across the story of a Spaniard or a Spanish half-breed who had been captured and taken to one of the three towns of the Cesares. He also quoted in his memorial several other accounts of the hidden metropolis, and promised that the expedition should cost the Crown not a penny, as it would be easy enough to recruit three hundred mounted men in the Plate River territory who would be only too glad to engage in such an

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enterprise. We hear nothing further, however, of this project.

Altogether, beginning with an initial search in 1617 and concluding with Father Cardiel's proposed expedition in 1746, five efforts were made by missionary priests to discover the hidden city. Another Jesuit of great fame in his day, Father Tomas Falkner, published in 1760 *A Guide to Reach the City of the Cesares*. Although one subsequent effort was made, in 1783, to rediscover that legendary town, this *Guide* contains the latest and most detailed account we have of its supposed existence.

'The people who dwell in the surrounding country [evidently the Patagonians] are so large that they cannot ride on horseback. They are of the true Cesares Indians, and not shipwrecked Spaniards. They are gentle and peaceable. The arms they use are long arrows or spears, which they employ in hunting game. They also use a sling [probably a bolas] with which they can hurl stones with great force. They work metals, especially silver, which they cast in various forms. A lofty and precipitous mountain lies in the broad valley where they dwell, at the foot of which is a black ridge of glittering ore which seems to contain silver and possesses the quality of a lodestone. They use only the silver, because it is a soft metal easily worked; they do not know how to treat its more difficult ores.

'Leaving the valley by the bank of the Rio Grande and proceeding some six leagues down the course of that river, one comes to a ford or a small port, where Spaniards come with small boats. Three leagues down is a ford which can be crossed on horseback at Easter, when the water is low. . . .

'The city itself, which is called the "Enchanted City," stands on the farther side of the river in the flat country, and extends along the bank instead of forming a square, much like the city of Buenos Aires. It has handsome edifices, temples, and stone buildings well constructed like those of Spain. In most of them the Spanish-speaking inhabitants keep Christian Indians as domestic servants and farm laborers, whom they have taught the elements of our sacred faith. On the west and north of the town are snow-capped mountains in which the Spaniards mine gold and copper. South and east are broad prairies, where the inhabitants have ranches with vast flocks and farms upon which they raise all kinds of grain and vegetables and have pleasant orchards. The only things they lack are grapes and olives, the seeds of which they never have obtained. The sea is only two leagues distant to the south, and from this they obtain an abundant supply of fish.

'The city of the Cesares holds sway over an area of two hundred and seventy square leagues or more.

'In conclusion, this land has the finest climate in America, where abundant forests, including cypresses, cedars, two kinds of pine, oaks, palms, orange trees, and many other kinds of fruit trees, make a veritable paradise. It is such a healthy land that there are no serious diseases and people generally die of old age.

'What I have written is not imagination or exaggeration, but the literal truth, for I have gone to that country, I have seen it, I have touched it with my hands.'

Until 1800 and later it was currently believed that the ruins of Logroño, a city situated in the midst of extremely rich deserted gold workings, still existed in the plains of Macas, east of the Southern Andes, near a region even to-day marked unexplored on many maps.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

Young England at Play

THE charming amenities of English university life, which have been so long the despair of earnest American imitators, provided the London papers with some excellent material when the gilded youths of Oxford and Cambridge broke up a number of theatres and restaurants in the course of one of those quaint old 'rags' that proverbially follow the annual Rugby Match between the two ancient seats of learning. Under the title, 'R-i-o-t Spells Rag,' the pro-Labor *Daily Herald* complains that the enthusiasm of young aristocrats was treated altogether too gently. The performances at two theatres, the Palace and the Hippodrome, had to be suspended, and in one of them eight bucketfuls of broken glass were swept up when the fun was over. Missiles as well as insults were hurled at the performers, and fire extinguishers were turned on the dresses of various ladies in the audience. In the streets the windows of taxicabs were smashed, and pedestrians suffered from what the newspapers call 'severe jostling.'

Although the Oxford proctors are empowered to deal with their young charges in any part of the United Kingdom, the proctors of Cambridge enjoy no authority outside their own city. This state of affairs makes it impossible for the Oxford officials to discipline any trouble-makers except those whom they recognize as Oxford men. The Reverend G. A. Weeks, Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, feels that it is up to the civil authorities to deal firmly with the malefactors, but the London Bobbies evidently know what chances they may be taking in arresting a future, or even a present, member of the House of Lords.

Most of the London papers carefully explained that it was really not very funny to discomfort an Englishwoman by turning a fire extinguisher on her, but there are some, we fear, who will remain unpersuaded. The *Daily Herald*, on the other hand, gave the impression that London had been the victim of a German invasion, and railed at the judge who let off the only seven offenders actually arrested with nothing worse than a three-pound fine and a good-natured scolding.

American Verses to Leïla Hanoum

THE excerpt from Leïla Hanoum's reminiscences that we printed in our January 15 issue under the title, 'Childhood Wanderings in Crete,' has brought us an extraordinary letter, the contents of which we are taking the liberty of sharing with our readers. In 1862 George W. Palmer, the father of the gentleman who has written to us, was stationed as American Consul-General in Crete. He only spent a few weeks there, however, and returned to London and Paris at the request of Secretary Seward to investigate the building of various Confederate warships under construction abroad. During his short stay in Crete he was greatly impressed by the beauty of the Turkish Pasha's daughter, whom our article unmistakably identifies as Leïla Hanoum, and he wrote a few stanzas to her, which he entitled 'The Pasha's Daughter' and sent home to his family.

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These lines his son has been kind enough to send us, and we take great pleasure in reproducing them here. The object of Mr. Palmer's attention is now over eighty. He himself died in 1916 at the age of ninety-eight. Here is the poem:—

THE PASHA'S DAUGHTER

There's many a sight that meets my eye,
There's many a sound that greets my ear,
As I look out from my balcony
And list to the voices far and near.
But I heed them not whilst over the water
I watch with my glass the Pasha's daughter.

The fishermen's boats are coming in sight,
Dancing merrily over the sea —
They must have had good luck last night,
Their crews are singing so merrily.
But over the way, just over the water,
Sits by her window the Pasha's daughter.

A steamer in sight from the eastern sea
Is bringing in figs and spices and news;
A curious crowd is thronging the quay —
Moslems, and Greeks, and Arabs, and Jews.
But I must be looking across the water
To catch a smile from the Pasha's daughter.

The Orient eyes are not veiled now —
They are fairer for having been veiled so much;
And so is her arm, and her cheek and her brow —
Alas, in the West we never see such.
And little she deems, the Pasha's daughter,
That a Frank is quizzing her over the water.

And the Pasha himself — if he were to know it!
I should be strangled, no doubt, in my room,
And thus would be lost another great poet.
Do you think they would lay him in Jupiter's tomb?
And all this would be due to the Pasha's daughter
Who sits by her window over the water.

Is British Sport Decadent?

SIR THEODORE COOK, editor of the *Field* and English correspondent of our flip neighbor, the *Sportsman*, has answered that burning question in no uncertain terms. 'Among the English-speaking races,' he remarks, 'pessimism in sport seems to me as culpable as desertion in the Army.' In a year when Oxford and Cambridge humbled Harvard and Yale on the track, Sir Theodore can see no cause for despair; and the recovery, eighteen months ago, of the cricket championship from Australia also fills him with joy.

But like the good British sportsman he is, he has his excuses on tap. 'Australia,' he points out, 'is as British as England, and I should not have brought her into the argument if it were not necessary to tell the pessimist that England is the mother of an Empire, and that a very high proportion of our best citizens have to leave "home" and give up our English sport in order to take positions of trust in all our free Dominions — in order to help to govern India; in order to give stable and cleanly conditions to many an unconsidered island and forgotten strip of territory all over the habitable globe. We have to slip our sport into the intervals of a very full existence.'

There are those among the million unemployed who will not be able to echo this opinion quite so heartily as its author might wish, but it is hard for any American sportsman to take this analysis of our athletic situation in any different spirit from the one in which it was pronounced:—

Our usual conquerors on any of these international occasions are the citizens of the United States. Just compare their opportunities in the light of the considerations I have mentioned. Their population is well over a hundred millions, composed of nearly every race upon this planet, with plenty of open spaces to live in. Think what a choice that gives them for men of every build and every temperament in every possible kind of competition; and this also implies that when a champion has been discovered he has far more opportunity of meeting men very nearly his equal than is the case in a smaller community. Besides this, they enjoy the position of having more money to spend than anybody else, and they spend it lavishly on sport and its appurtenances, on professional and intensive coaching, on

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expensive mechanical appliances for specialized training, on the food and welfare of their athletes. They also are intensely anxious to win — and small blame to them for that; my only comment is that the insistence upon victory is not the only lure that can attract the Briton. We retain, and I hope we shall long preserve, the old-fashioned notion that we play games to amuse ourselves, that the more games we play the more fun we shall have, and that the improvement of health or the development of character — each independent of success or failure — is better worth having than any amount of records.

Sir Theodore has nothing but praise for Bobby Jones and for the French tennis players. He applauds Tommy Milligan for his noble stand in the prize ring against our own Mickey Walker, the welterweight champion of the world. But when he says that tennis is the 'best ball game in the world (save cricket)' we are forced to conclude that as a judge of comparative athletics he is a wonderful parchesi player.

Operatic Developments in Vienna

BECAUSE the management of the Vienna opera has forbidden the musicians in the orchestra to make money in their spare time by playing in jazz bands, dissension has broken loose, and even the return of Richard Strauss as conductor has not quieted the storm. The difficulty, both with regard to the jazz and with regard to Strauss, is that the State cannot afford to pay its artists large enough salaries to support them in the style to which they are accustomed, nor has it been willing to stage its productions with sufficient lavishness to suit Strauss's artistic conscience.

In the matter of jazz, the management has declared that it is a degrading business, and that impecunious musicians ought to confine themselves to giving lessons. Dr. Charles Gaudriot, Vienna's foremost bassoonist, disagrees with this view so thoroughly that he has resigned from the opera altogether and organized a jazz band of his own that plays in a local temple of art known as the Moulin Rouge Cabaret.

Since the management's future plans call for the production of Ernst Krenek's jazz opera, *Jonny Spielt Auf*, the situation is somewhat ambiguous. Gaudriot refuses to return, and if the present policy is pursued others may leave until there is no one left but the harpist. That such a crisis should arise is, however, most unlikely. The Viennese take great pride in their opera, as the return of Richard Strauss indicates. The current season has also been a decided success. Puccini's *Turandot* and a revival of Verdi's *Forza del Destino*, newly translated by Franz Werfel, dominated the first part of the season. The next novelty, Strauss's *Intermezzo*, fell rather flat, although Lotte Lehmann gave an excellent interpretation of Frau Strauss in this tale of a domestic quarrel on which the opera is based. Beethoven's *Fidelio*, with new settings and a new caste, did very well, and *Das Wunder der Heliane*, a new opera by Erich Wolfgang Korngold, a young Vienna composer, also seems to have made a hit. The jazz opera will appear early in 1928, and will be followed by the event of the season, Strauss's latest work, *Die Aegyptische Helena* (Helen of Egypt). It was in order to complete this opera that he retired last year.

Japan's Patriotic Coiffure

IF the Japanese airmen fail in their attempt to cross the Pacific this spring, it will not be for want of flapper support at home. This support takes the practical form of a new style of hairdressing known as the 'aviator's twist,' invented by Mrs. May Ushiyama,

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proprietress of a Tokyo beauty parlor, who announced, 'I want to do something for my own country in my own way.' And it is indeed hard to see how the flyers can fail to find inspiration in a coiffure that symbolizes the gyrations of their airplane, the movement of the clouds over the water, the revolutions of the propeller, and the motion of the sea.

It took Mrs. Ushiyama a long time to work out the details of her scheme, which we take pleasure in describing here for the benefit of any of our feminine readers who feel like giving Lindbergh some substantial encouragement. The ocean is represented by spreading the hair on the back of the head in marcel waves, the last curls being brought up over the right ear. The head is then crowned with a propeller-shaped knot that uses up all the rest of the hair except enough to make a merry widow's curl, symbolizing the clouds, on top of the propeller. Mrs. Ushiyama admits that she learned her profession in Hollywood, and asserts that her new style looks just elegant with foreign clothes.

Confucius on the Phonograph

WHAT is alleged to be the voice of Confucius has been recorded for the phonograph by a medium named Valiantine, and already the National Laboratory of Psychical Research has had the pleasure of listening to this extraordinary performance. The recording itself took place at the flat of Lord Charles Hope, — a significant and appropriate name for a psychical investigator, — in the presence of Dr. Neville Whymant, a distinguished Oriental scholar. This expert witness described the voice as undoubtedly Chinese, and the dialect in which it spoke as ancient. Not content with the evidence of his ears, the learned Doctor began firing questions at poor old Confucius, who withstood the test splendidly. The ancient sage showed that he knew even more about Chinese literature than Dr. Whymant himself, and quoted obscure texts of his own that a mere handful of scholars in the whole world know. He also completed unfinished epigrams that Dr. Whymant fired at him, but, unfortunately, the record that was made of these proceedings is described as being so 'foggy' that no one can quite make out what is being said. In any case, Valiantine has promised to present himself for further examination in London, and Dr. Whymant, at first skeptical, and now completely astounded, is sending out a hurry call for people who know more about Confucius than Confucius himself did.

A Jewish Dueling Triumph

SATISFACTION reigns among the Jewish students of the University of Budapest as a result of two duels between anti-Semite students and the representatives of the intensely unpopular racial minority. The fights were the outcome of the activities of a Nationalist organization known as the Turul, which became so obstreperous that two Jewish students named Bela Glasner and Stephen Kiraly challenged its best sabre fighters to a duel. The Turul picked upon Ladislas Philipp and Franz Bence to defend the honor of the corps, and accepted the challenge in the most insulting terms possible. At this point their fun ceased.

In the first fight, Glasner, the Jewish boy, landed his sabre on Philipp's head early in the fray, and later laid open his opponent's face from the forehead almost to the chin. He himself only received a scratch on the hand. The second fight ended in a draw after an hour of hacking. Bence, the anti-Semite, although a Goliath in stature,

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could not gain an advantage over his opponent, and a doctor finally called a halt to the battle. As a result of their brilliant showing the Jewish students promptly issued eight new challenges, which will presumably be accepted.

The Rector of the University has meanwhile threatened to take disciplinary measures against anyone who attacks the Jews, although just now it would seem that the Hungarian students, in spite of their numerical preponderance, are the ones who need protection. By way of protest against this measure, the anti-Semite members of several classes have stalked out of the lecture-room in a body, leaving only a Jewish audience. All in all, the advantages of a European background become increasingly obvious every day.

Japan's Favorite Heroes

In a poll conducted among the forty-four Japanese students at an English night school in a Tokyo Y. M. C. A., George Washington and Jesus Christ were voted the greatest heroes in the world. Each of the voters was asked to write down the names of the eight persons whom he considered had been of the greatest constructive value to society and whose contributions to civilization were most permanent. Christ and Washington tied for first place with twenty-one votes apiece, and Buddha came next with fifteen. The rest followed in this order: Confucius, 13; Edison, 13; General Nogi, 9; Saigo Takamori, 9; Newton, 8; Socrates, 7; Shakespeare, 6; Columbus, 6; Mussolini, 5; Hideyoshi, 5; Nelson, 5.

Wilson, Tolstoi, Florence Nightingale, Marconi, Lenin, Stevenson, Mencius, and Kuskoni Masashige, a Japanese patriot of five hundred years ago, received four votes apiece. The high lights of the next and larger group, of three-vote names, included Franklin, Queen Victoria, General Booth, Julius Cæsar, Alexander the Great, Saint Paul, Plato, and Aristotle. More Japanese names figured on the list of those mentioned twice, but the foreigners increased in almost as large a proportion, and among their ranks were Emerson, Goethe, Galileo, Einstein, and Darwin. Those mentioned but once included a larger number of mountebanks — the Kaiser, Tagore, Ibáñez, H. G. Wells, Judge Gary, Tennyson, and Lloyd George among them.

The young men who voted are by no means confined to the Christianized, Europeanized element. For the most part they are ambitious young clerks who want to learn English and get along in the world. Obviously they are thoroughly infected with Occidental influences, and their selections of the great ones of the earth compare favorably with the annual polls taken among the seniors at some of our larger and more frivolous universities, from which we discover that 'Crossing the Bar' is Yale's favorite poem and Betty Blythe Princeton's most popular movie star.

London's Traffic Perils

With characteristic British alacrity, the London County Council has just published the statistics of automobile accidents for the year 1926. During that period 1003 people were killed by motor cars in the streets of London and 46,036 were injured. Of the deaths, 233 were children under fifteen — approximately one a day for every school day in the year; and 9528 more children were injured. The National Safety-First Association points out, however, that the number of juvenile victims has remained almost constant during the past three or four years, whereas the toll of adults has increased by leaps and bounds. This cheering fact is explained

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by careful development of a 'traffic sense' in the little ones.

The Council's report makes several interesting disclosures. 'Adjusting figures to population,' it asserts, 'it may be said that it is three times as dangerous for the London child to be out in the streets as it is for children in the rest of the country. If figures comparable to those of 1926 continue to be recorded, it will mean that one Londoner in twenty born in the future will meet with a traffic accident more or less serious, and that every fourth or fifth family will be distressed in consequence.'

Even from an American point of view these figures appear rather large. Massachusetts, with a population of over four million and with over seven hundred thousand registered cars, has succeeded in decreasing the number of accidents in the course of the last few years, and in 1926 there were 705 people killed and 25,531 injured. Throughout the United States it is estimated that one car in every thousand kills somebody, and that one in twenty is responsible for an injury. London, with many fewer cars per individual, but with more per square foot of road surface, has a harder time on the whole. This is partly due to the nature of the case, and partly due to the fact that English newspapers suppress all accounts of automobile accidents and thus fail to call attention to a worse state of affairs than prevails over here.

English Words in French

PAUL SOUDAY, who divides his time between writing literary criticism for *Le Temps* and defending the purity of the French language, has opened an attack on the English words that have lately been worming their way into his native speech. The situation is ironical. When the war broke out, Anatole France went back on his lifetime pacifist convictions and offered his services, skullcap and all, to defend the beautiful French language against the German invaders. He did not, however, foresee that, though France would win the war, England would win the peace, and that the modern generation would have to turn to London to describe such activities as 'le rowing,' 'le five-o'clock,' and 'le dancing.'

For better or worse, sport and cocktails have scored the same triumph in Paris that they have among our own golf-playing Babbitts and their flaming offspring. Yet the rich speech of Molière and Racine contains no word that adequately describes such valuable citizens as the 'barman' and the 'sportman,' and the crude English language must be pressed into some kind of service in the intellectual capital of the world. Of course, the French themselves are not the only ones responsible for the change that is disturbing M. Souday so profoundly. Visitors from across the Channel and from the distant American prairies must be made to feel at home, and the hospitable shopkeeper can think of no better way of attracting their patronage than by hanging out English signs. His method is singular. If the word has a final *e*, that letter is dropped and an apostrophe *s* added. 'Marianne' becomes 'Mariann's,' and a French tailor proclaims himself as Dobb's. Supplementary taxes on foreign signs have been suggested as a means of fighting this dangerous tendency, but as yet no positive steps have been taken.

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BOOKS ABROAD

The Stabilization of the Mark, by Dr. Hjalmar Schacht. London: Allen and Unwin, 1927. 8*s.* 6*d.*

[*New Statesman*]

THIS book can hardly fail to become an economic classic. It contains the full story of the greatest and most difficult financial operation ever attempted anywhere — the sudden stabilization of the currency of a huge industrial country. And the story is told by the man who almost alone carried it through. The completely free hand which Dr. Schacht was given by the German Government implies hardly a greater tribute to the trust that he inspired than to the courage of those who trusted him — and who would have been damned if he had failed. He was for months a financial dictator in the most literal sense of the word. He canceled the bulk of the existing currency at one blow and, in effect, without compensation. He refused loans even to the very greatest industrial concerns, forcing them for a time to finance their transactions abroad at rates varying from 20 to 100 per cent. The outcry against him seemed overwhelming, but he held on and succeeded. Probably he could not have succeeded in a country less accustomed to the obeying of orders.

The inflation of the mark began early in the war with the refusal of the German Exchequer to impose taxation. Germany, like France, relied for meeting its war expenditure chiefly upon loans, of which only the first few were fully subscribed and which resulted in the huge final debt of the Reich to the Reichsbank. There were, of course, other forms of inflation — the issue of notes against pledges of goods and securities (*Darlehnskassenscheine*), and, while these were in printing, of emergency money for small amounts (*Notgeld*), which was put into circulation by municipalities, savings banks, private companies, to meet the needs of the armies. The Government tried to check the increase in note circulation by the establishment in Belgium, Poland, Rumania, and elsewhere of substitute currencies in francs, Polish marks, lei, and lire. But as they were almost entirely based on deposits at the Reichsbank, the avoidance of further issues of Reichsbank notes was at best a nominal advantage, a mere working improvement in the technique of note circulation. The whole policy of German war finance — which Dr. Schacht roundly attacks — was directed by a belief in the rapid victory of Germany and great inflowing indemnities.

In the months following the Armistice Germany was weakened internally by revolution and externally by the depredations of the Allies. The blockade, which during the war had crippled her trade, was kept up for many months after the Armistice — in fact, until two weeks after the signing of the Treaty of Versailles. Two more years elapsed before Germany's total indebtedness was made known. In this doubtful period the mark exchange declined steadily. The German people were burdened with taxes they could not now afford. Industry could make no headway, for, apart from lack of capital, the Allies refused to allow the transformation of war plant to industrial purposes. On top of this came the Franco-Belgian invasion of the Ruhr, seizing of money and goods, devastation of property, and forced levies for the expenses of occupation. The mark had fallen to one four-hundredth part of its pre-war value. The Reichsbank made every effort to improve export trade and by the sale of gold marks abroad to maintain its foreign exchange. Prices rose disproportionately to incomes. The middle classes particularly were impoverished: 'Whereas in 1913 the difference between the income of an unskilled manual laborer and a middle-grade official was as 100: 347, in September 1922 it was as 100: 147.' People got rid as fast as they could of cash, and invested in whatever goods, for-

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eign currencies, and so forth, they could find. Even in Germany the mark was repudiated. A stable currency loan for 500 million gold marks (£25,000,000) was issued to prevent panic and to cover the deficit of the State Budget; only 168 million marks was subscribed. At that time the pound sterling stood at 5,000,000 paper marks.

The Government determined to abandon the paper mark. There were two main proposals: (*a*) an immediate return to the gold standard; (*b*) the formation of a currency based on the material values of the country. The first, supported by Dr. Schacht, was ruled out as impracticable, for lack of gold; and Helfferich's proposal — the second — was accepted by the Government. An original 5-per-cent loan was to be raised in mortgages on agriculture, industry, trade, transportation, and banking (*Rentenbriefe*); with this cover a Rentenbank was to issue notes, of legal tender, for currency, known as 'rye marks,' which could be exchanged on demand for interest-bearing Rentenbriefe. Dr. Schacht opposed the plan on the ground that such a currency would be impossible for international dealing and payment. Accordingly, changes were made; the notes were denominated in gold and not in rye values, the money was not legal tender, the Rentenbank was placed under the direction of the Reichsbank.

The new law was to be put in execution on November 15, 1923. On November 12 Dr. Schacht was offered the newly created post of Currency Commissioner, which he accepted. He believed that the mark could only be stabilized by a return to the gold standard. He accepted the Rentenbank as a step in that direction. His first object was to contract the paper currency, which in Darlehnskassenscheine and Notgeld had become gigantic. At the end of 1923, according to his calculation, the amount of emergency money in circulation was between 400 and 500 trillions, nearly half a milliard of gold marks. On November 17 the Reichsbank, and all its branches, were instructed to refuse all emergency money in payment. In spite of the popular outcry, this formed the first basis of stability. The Reichsbank was able to maintain the position: 1 billion paper marks = 1 gold mark = 10/42 dollar = 1 Rentenmark. The presidency of the Reichsbank fell vacant, and, in spite of the opposition of the directors and of the Central Committee of the Bank, Dr. Schacht was elected President. He visited London and Amsterdam and received promises of loans in support of a new German currency based on gold. He outlined his plan before the Dawes Committee in Paris, which had come to much the same conclusions but insisted on a partly foreign control of the new gold bank. After some months of discussion the Golddiskontbank was created at the Reichsbank in April 1924, with a credit of 20 million pounds sterling.

In the same month the Reichsbank took its second unpopular measure. Despite the united opposition of agriculturists, bankers, and press, it refused to give any new credit. As a result, stocks of commodities were put on the market, followed by foreign securities. Bankruptcies increased rapidly from 68 to 1173 per month; but in the same months the surplus of exports over imports rose from a huge minus quantity to 141.2 millions of gold marks. That fact alone was enough to prove the soundness of Dr. Schacht's drastic and severely denounced methods. There remained the business of removing from circulation the Rentenmarks, which had been invaluable, if not essential, in the early period of stabilization, but were now superfluous. The Dawes Committee and the Organization Committee — Dr. Schacht and Sir Robert Kindersley — decided that the redemption of Rentenmark notes should be completed in seven years, for it was thought that an immediate imposition on the Reichsbank would weaken its holding of gold. The Dawes Loan of 800 million gold marks on October 10 completed the process of stabilization.

Quite apart from the extraordinary success of Dr. Schacht in resolving the economic position of Germany at its weakest period, and the fact that, when everything seemed hopeless, he was given almost a free hand in reshaping the currency, it must have needed the greatest courage and determination to execute

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measures which were all violently unpopular and which in the event of failure would have ended in complete chaos. It is difficult now to believe that only three or four years ago genuine million-mark notes were sold for a penny by hawkers in the Strand. Yet it is true; and for the fact that to-day German currency has attained pre-war parity and is sounder than that of any other of the late belligerent countries, except Great Britain and America, Dr. Schacht is chiefly responsible.

Two Forsyte Interludes, by John Galsworthy. London: William Heinemann, 1927. 1*s*.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

MR. GALSWORTHY keeps the Forsyte family in being by the unusual but welcome device of giving us a new glimpse of them for a shilling. The first of these 'interludes,' which are published to-day, is concerned with young Jon's courtship of his American wife. The Saga left Jon rent from Soames's daughter Fleur by the vigor with which the family feud between his elders persisted. All through *The White Monkey* and *The Silver Spoon* he was just growing peaches in Carolina, while Fleur, amid a press of lovers and a not too easy faithfulness to the husband whom she took as a second best, remembered him at intervals. Here we meet Jon, strayed in the great spaces of the Southern states after a picnic, with the girl who helps him to forget. It is a designedly simple idyl, and very sincerely and finely done. Horsemanship under the stars competes with the soft strains of the ukulele to achieve a fresh outlook for Jon. We accept the recipe and prepare to like his bride, who is charmingly presented.

The second interlude has more complexity and interest. Old Soames took Fleur round the world at the end of *The Silver Spoon*. We find them now at Washington on their way home. Soames is appraising with much enthusiasm the Saint Gaudens's statue of Grief. (Soames, obstinate as ever in his beliefs, is here magnificently out of date.) He finds Washington rather too full of Americans, but otherwise enjoyable. He is a trifle discouraged by the lack of privacy in American life, and by the monotony of American dinners. He is eighty by now, but disdains monkey glands. ('Monkeys? Why not tigers?') He proposes to survive until at least ninety-five, by which time this nonsense about a surtax will have blown over; he will know precisely how much he can leave to Fleur, and his grandson may delight his decline — if he ever declines — by batting at Lord's. But this interlude is more than play, for Jon's mother, that wayward and inscrutable woman who has baffled Soames through all his well-set life, turns up in Washington, at the same hotel, with her son and her American daughter-in-law. Soames, by masterly strategy, avoids for the moment the opening of old wounds for anyone but himself. But the most vital of the Forsytes are drawing together again as a family.

It was ingenious of Mr. Galsworthy thus to send us back to the family tree, and to whet our appetite for the last of the second trilogy, *The Swan Song*, which has yet to be published.

Jérome 60° Latitude Nord, by Maurice Bedel (Winner of the Goncourt Prize for 1927). Paris: Éditions de la Nouvelle Revue Française, 1927. 12 francs.

[Ramon Fernandez in the *Nouvelle Revue Française*]

THIS is a lively, gay book that makes you laugh. Ordinary situations occur in such extraordinary settings that they create a pleasant mixture of surprise and recognition. Many readers will be reminded of the Honorable Picnic (L'Honorable Partie de Campagne). In fact, it is hard to see why the same amusing theme should not be pursued in every possible geographic situation. *Jérome* is far less a description of Norwegian customs than it is a description of the hero's Norwegian state of mind. Jérome himself is terribly French — not cynical, as the saying goes, but hypersentimental, and above all else terribly categorical. This girl has to be the purest virgin, that one easy game. Therefore you renounce the former and relapse upon the divan with the latter. Jérome, in the arms of Lena, murmurs in an echo, 'There

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is no more Norway.' Coming as this does at the end of a book about Norway, it is a little irritating. Is it a criticism of the country, or of the hero?

The comic effect of his conversation with the blonde Uni is rather facile, but sure and cleverly handled. This excellent imitation of real life one follows from page to page eagerly, wishing to share it with others. I also enjoyed the incident when Gerdà, jumping out of her electric automobile on a snowy eminence, accosts Jérome in a Provençal dialect. This sort of foolishness is the most natural thing in the world when you are being received by foreigners, and it is comic because everything comic ought to be naturally absurd.

M. Bedel also treats his hosts' ideological views on sex and their fondness for divorce in an amusing fashion. Norwegian fogs are not going to terrify us any longer. I am obviously incapable of judging whether or not M. Bedel's portraits and descriptions are exact. If they are not, his inaccuracy is in any case based on a real knowledge of the country; you feel that it is not all pure invention. Perhaps it is a kind of vaudeville deformation.

What about M. Bedel's art? Without Giraudoux and Morand and several others this story would undoubtedly have been written very differently. The result of this method reminds one of mass production — one success resembles and presupposes other successes. *Jérome* has the style and assurance of the new academic tradition that has arisen from the post-war tumult. It is a reassuring, foreseeable method of story-telling, one that can be relied upon safely. Rereading the clever dialogues and amusing scenes in this tale, I feel that M. Bedel ought to write for the theatre, which is less exigent nowadays than the novel. People who go in for new methods of expression, or people who want to understand another country without going there, will turn to *Jérome*. In any case, they will — or should — be grateful to the author for a lack of pretentiousness which is one of the charms of a book that no one would criticize adversely at all if there were not such an enormous amount to be said in its favor.

Dr. Johnson and Company, by Robert Lynd. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1927. *2s. 6d.*

[*Daily Telegraph*]

If the object of this People's Library is to send its readers 'to the authorities,' Mr. Sidney Dark, the general editor, is remarkably fortunate in his assistance in this particular instance. Mr. Robert Lynd is one of the most accomplished essayists of these times, and the same kindly humor in observation and happy turn of description which characterize his random papers on a hundred and one things, from a country inn to an international Rugger match, inform this intimate chat on Johnson and the people who surrounded him.

Despite the polite fiction that the *Life* is, of course, one of the books which everyone must read, there are thousands to whom Boswell is unknown. To them we recommend Mr. Lynd's little volume — it is one of the virtues of this Library that the books are of such a companionable size — with every heartiness. Therein they will make the acquaintance of the great man who 'built up his fame with his writings, and put a tower on his fame with his conversation' — a secondhand acquaintance, it is true, but, even so, so fascinating that they must be compelled to turn to first-hand knowledge which the *Life* gives. For ourselves we confess that after the reading of Mr. Lynd's estimate of the characters of Johnson and his little court we return to the study of our Boswell with some new ideas.

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DISCRETION AND INDISCRETION

REFERRING to an article which we reprinted in the February 1 issue of the *Living Age*, the following letter has been received by the editor of the *New Statesman:* —

SIR, —

I have been a subscriber to and a reader of the *New Statesman* ever since it was first published. I was so pained by the article, 'The Rebuff to the Bishops,' and most especially by the blasphemous lines which you thought fit to print, as you say from some negro hymn, that I have been obliged to tell my newsagent that I do not want the paper any longer.

HORACE S. FOOTMAN

* * *

Betting on greyhound racing is beggaring our homes. — *Reverend Dr. John White*

* * *

Two propositions seem to be pretty well established about human nature — one, that it does n't change, and the other, that it does.

— *Gerald Gould*

* * *

I call friction the feminine force: it always opposes, and never quite knows what it is going to do. — *Professor E. N. da C. Andrade*

* * *

In Montpellier, we read in a French paper, a man and a young woman, both of whom are lion-tamers, were married. The *maire*, who must make the civil and only legal marriage, and the curé, who performed the religious ceremony, accompanied the bridal procession through the town, and the outriders of the procession were cowboys, firing revolvers. The bride, in her white dress and wreath, accompanied the bridegroom into the cage, and the curé, safely on the other side of the bars, read the office and gave his benediction. The audience in the circus watched the whole proceedings, which, when terminated, they marked with enthusiastic applause. A banquet followed, in which the lions heartily joined. Could that have happened anywhere but in France and in Montpellier?

In the same paper you can read the pathetic account of the suicide of that cinema star who killed herself, for love indeed, but particularly because the man for whom she cared had neglected to send her flowers on New Year's Day. Would flowers on New Year's Day mean so much to any but a Frenchwoman? In another column there is an account of two assistants in a grocer's shop — and an important shop in the centre of Paris not a hundred yards from the Opéra — who on Christmas Eve conceived the idea of *une bonne farce*. This was to put half a pound of pepper into a bottle of wine and then put the bottle among those which would be bought by some unknown customer to drink at his Réveillon supper. The wine was actually sold to a thirsty workman, who took a great gulp of it and nearly killed himself. No doubt boys of other nations will play practical jokes, but there is a peculiarly French quality in the silliness of this particular *blague*. — *Observer*

* * *

If we want to be invulnerable, a hard heart and a good digestion will do more for us than the Christian virtues. — *Dean Inge*

* * *

I have long held firmly to the opinion that research is badly overdone. — *Dr. S. G. Moore*

* * *

It is sheer impertinence on the part of Mr. Baldwin to claim the votes of Northampton electors for the Tory candidate on the plea of industrial peace. No living politician has contributed more toward industrial war than the Premier. — *Daily Herald*

* * *

If I were dictator of this country, every girl should be married at eighteen, and every man at twenty-one — if necessary, by compulsion.

— *T. P. O'Connor*

* * *

Anyone who has lived in the more thriving towns of the North of England would quickly find himself at home in Kansas City, Topeka, or Wichita. — *J. A. Spender*

* * *

It appears that on the frontier between Lithuania and Poland the intense cold has rendered the wolves exceptionally dangerous, and their numbers have only been reduced as a result of the closest coöperation between the Polish and Lithuanian troops stationed along the boundary between the two countries. This very satisfactory result may, however, be in the nature of a 'Greek gift,' for it would seem to raise the question of the relative value of the Council of the League and a pack of wolves as a pacific factor in international affairs. — *Outlook*

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JALNA

by MAZO DE LA ROCHE

"Delight" [Miss de la Roche's previous novel], was a good book, "Jalna" is a better, and by the side of Sir Gilbert Parker, novelist of the French Canadians, now stands the companion figure of Mazo de la Roche, novelist of Ontario. . . . The novel teems with life, and the fact that it won the almost fabulous prize of the *Atlantic* competition need prejudice nobody against it; that competition was not a search for a best-seller, and, thinking Imperially, we can be proud of Canada for winning it.

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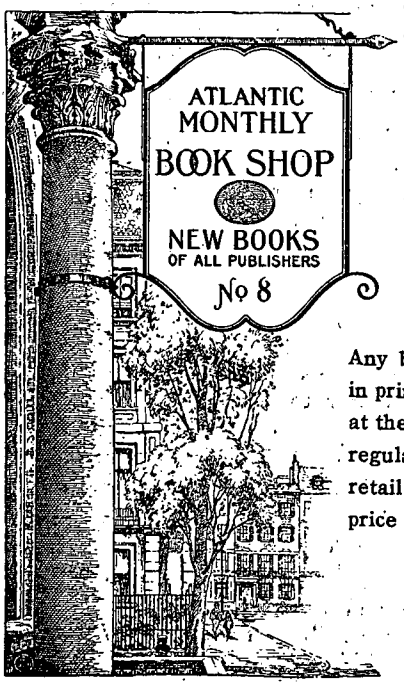

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Spring in the Little Garden

By FRANCES EDGE McILVAINE
With Foreword by Mrs. Francis King

A FITTING member of the *Little Garden Series*, of long-proved popularity, is this volume devoted to the garden in spring. Miss McIlvaine, its author, inherited her love of gardening from her father and grandfather, who were both enthusiastic horticulturists. She is the fortunate possessor, at Glen Isle Farm, of a garden of unusual age and beauty, where many years of experience have equipped her to write a volume rich in knowledge and taste. How the wealth of spring may be most beautifully and successfully exploited by the gardener Miss McIlvaine tells informingly and charmingly in this unusually fresh and stimulating book.

Ready March 10
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THE GUIDE POST

ALTHOUGH our opening sheaf of articles is chiefly confined to the political activities of certain outstanding public figures, the opening broadside on America from the *Saturday Review* falls in rather a different category. This half good-natured, half resentful representation of Uncle Sam shows what Conservative Englishmen think of our newly acquired sense of importance.

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Adolf Joffe's farewell letter to Trotskii, written on the eve of his suicide, gives a key to many of the sympathies and differences that have been agitating the Communist Party. Whatever one may feel about its author's political convictions, his manifest sincerity helps to make this a really extraordinary document.

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Both the bourgeois and the Communist journals in Europe have conspired for once in their lives and have both glossed over certain features of Trotskii's dismissal and banishment. *Arbeiter Zeitung* of Vienna, the organ of the Austrian Social Democratic Party, cherishes enough Radical beliefs to be able to present by far the fairest and most thorough explanation of this great man's collapse that we have encountered.

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Dr. Wirth — or plain 'M.' Wirth, as Jules Sauerwein insists on calling him — speaks for a spirit of Franco-German conciliation, and points out what we are all fast realizing — that 1928 may well prove the most decisive year since the war.

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Dr. Max Jordan has been wandering all over the face of South America and writing back his impressions to the *Berliner Tageblatt*. In the light of the Argentine's efforts at Havana, his full account of that country comes at a significant moment.

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The fact that a mildly Liberal paper like *Vossische Zeitung* printed Alexandra Rakovskii's description of women in Soviet Russia would indicate that there is a good deal of truth in what she says. She ignores, however, the other side of the picture, and conveniently forgets the miserable condition to which millions of children have been reduced under Bolshevist rule.

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During the past twenty years it has become fashionable for a certain type of prophet to lay all our woes to population growth. Pierre Dominique's arresting array of figures shows that Europe's birth rate has fallen so rapidly since the war that the number of inhabitants of the old continent should remain constant for an unpredictable length of time. Italy is the only trouble-maker on the horizon, and her bark is evidently much worse than her bite.

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The news that artificial rubber is the latest novelty on the market will neither surprise nor distress anyone familiar with Germany's achievements in the realm of synthetic chemical substitutes for staple commodities. Plantation owners may feel differently.

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Mr. W. J. Turner is one of the most gracious British guests that New York has had in a long time, and his impressions of the great American metropolis will coincide very closely with those of many a provincial American visitor. The only difference is that Mr. Turner is rather more articulate than many of our native sons, who see what he did, but cannot describe it.

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To pacify any readers who are unduly startled by the news that jazz has invaded the Vienna Opera House, we include three charming letters from an eighteenth-century visitor to London when Handel was conducting at the Royal Haymarket. Ernst Decsey, the rhapsodic music critic of the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*, is a musician in his own right.

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Gaston Rageot is one of the most versatile and entertaining journalists in Paris. He contributes frequently to *L'Illustration*, and his description of Spain brings out several surprising developments in a country that seems to be changing from mediævalism to modernity overnight.

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